

THE NATION

1865 Centennial Year 1965

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WHY I WILL NOT GO TO THE UNITED STATES Jean-Paul Sartre

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W. Van Alstyne • Foreign Aid and Natural
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ANATOMY OF MARTYRDOM

Simone Weil: Paul West

Dietrich Bonhoeffer: William Hamilton

Franz Jagerstatter: Theodore Roszak

LETTERS

Charge of foul play

New York City

Dear Sirs: Richard Elman's article on educational television ["Educational TV: The Timid Crusaders," *The Nation*, Mar. 1] was based almost entirely on inaccuracies and innuendo.

Regarding his central charge that N.E.T. lacks courage, shuns controversy and fails to involve itself with issues that concern most people, it is appropriate to point out that in recent months N.E.T. has furnished programs on Cuba, Red China, Southeast Asia, miscegenation, medicare, civil rights, school integration, civil liberties, poverty, birth control, White House news practices, discrimination in the North, voting rights, homosexuality, the far Right, the Supreme Court, LSD and the Black Muslims. . . . ETV stations showing these programs have been subjected to threats, group denunciations, charge of Communist sympathy, picketing, and in one recent case—over the Cuba program—to bomb threats. . . .

Mr. Elman further states that "if you're doing a program about education, your consultant will come from the educational lobby; if it's a program about South Vietnam, he will be a State Department adviser." Both allegations are false; N.E.T. has employed no consultants from lobbies or the State Department. In researching programs producers talk with official or special-interest sources, among many others, as does any reporter.

When an affiliated station produced a program on the radical Right for N.E.T., Mr. Elman says N.E.T. considered "offering some of the know-nothings equal time." This is untrue. Some station managers who received demands for equal time from protesting right-wing groups telephoned to ask whether they were required by the FCC to grant such requests. They were told that they need not grant time.

It is not true that N.E.T. rejected film footage of a Democratic town which was more than 50 per cent non-white because N.E.T. felt "a program about the electorate should not be about Negroes." That program was supposed to depict a typical Republican community and a typical Democratic community and to explore the many reasons each voted the way it did. It hardly seemed accurate to use as a typical Democratic example a suburb which was 50 per cent non-white. Another program in the series concentrated on the Negro voter.

The implication of Ford Foundation control of N.E.T. program content is

false. Ford screenings follow broadcast of the programs, and the Foundation neither issues judgments nor attempts to dictate or influence program content.

Mr. Elman professes skepticism that N.E.T. spends "only \$19,000 for each hour of network programming as compared with a commercial network average of \$125,000" and notes that some programs cost more than \$19,000 an hour. Certainly, some programs cost more than that, with the result that many must cost less. The necessity of achieving the average—\$19,000 in 1964 and \$15,000 in 1965—is inescapable and incontrovertible.

There are seventeen other inaccuracies which could be noted, given sufficient space. If Mr. Elman had not broken his appointment with me, I could have clarified some of these matters for him.

William Kobin

Vice President for Programming

New York City

Dear Sirs: Mr. Kobin presents opinions to controvert opinions as if he were presenting facts, which he never bothers to do. I leave it to interested parties to watch ETV and then decide which view of this moribund institution is more apt. But certain of Kobin's assertions must be answered.

(1) I did not say that N.E.T. did not think it was producing controversial programs. But that is not the same thing as producing controversial programs.

(2) I did not say that N.E.T. had consulted the State Department or the NEA, although it had. I said that its posture was such vis-à-vis any independent thinking, that it was highly likely to prefer the views of Dean Rusk on Vietnam to those of, say, Bernard Fall.

(3) Mr. Kobin knows I am correct about the producer in California who instructed his crew "to shoot around the Negroes" because it was he who demoted that producer for precisely such an injunction. I would ask *Nation* readers to read my account of the *affaire* and then Kobin's. Do we differ? Where?

(4) Mr. Kobin ought to know if Ford does influence his programming decisions when it screens N.E.T. programs. All I know is that he used to complain to me and others at N.E.T. about how he had to please the people at Ford.

(5) Many N.E.T. programs are bought for a minimal fee from foreign broadcasters and then redubbed over here for an additional pittance.

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Herman's Ladder

Herman Kahn has a ladder in the April *Fortune* which, unlike the one Jacob saw in his dream, does not lead to heaven. Usually a ladder is not needed to reach hell, but that is Herman's likely destination.

The title of Mr. Kahn's piece is "Escalation" as a Strategy," and the thesis is that in a situation of incipient conflict a nuclear nation must get on the escalation ladder and climb. Mr. Kahn feels that a strategy of escalation, carefully carried out, "can actually reduce the dangers of insensate, spasmodic nuclear destruction." As a lover of peace and director of the Hudson Institute, which analyzes international affairs for the Pentagon and other clients, Mr. Kahn has blueprinted the Ladder (capitalized hereinafter, since the fate of mankind depends on its wise use) from the first rung to the 44th and last, which is "Spasm or Insensate War." In the accompanying text Mr. Kahn describes each rung by number and name, as:

Rung 21: Local Nuclear War — Exemplary. One side can drop a nuclear bomb or two in order to show the other side that, unless it backs down or accepts a reasonable compromise, more bombs are likely to follow. As this would be the first unmistakably deliberate use of these weapons since World War II, it would be a profoundly consequential act.

There one may agree with Mr. Kahn unreservedly.

Further agreement is less easy. Mr. Kahn conceives of the Ladder as one which can be ascended or descended at will, although he warns us that de-escalation is even more sensitive to accurate communication between the hostile parties than escalation. If a homely analogy may be offered to such a profound thinker, there is the case of the common house cat (*Felis domestica*), which climbs a ladder with ease but cannot descend. The United States has been escalating in Vietnam, but can it come down? Back in Saigon, after consultations with his Administration bosses, Ambassador Maxwell Taylor seems never to have heard of such a thing. "It should be clear to friend and foe alike," he declares, "that our commitment here is irrevocable." Since, despite all our efforts to communicate accurately with the North Vietnamese, using the finest communication facilities (demolition bombs and the like), they don't seem to get the message, what can we do but keep on escalating? If we stop or, worse, make some gesture of de-escalation, will they not prove even more obtuse?

Another difficulty with the Ladder is that it seems to be designed for a simple confrontation, as between the U.S. and USSR. In Vietnam, unfortunately, we are dealing with a whole parcel of villains—the Vietcong, the North Vietnamese, the Chinese Reds, the Russians. After we have used up the few targets in North Vietnam, do we escalate into China? Our allies among the South Vietnamese complicate the situation

still further. For them, as for another valuable ally, Chiang Kai-shek up there in Taiwan, we can never escalate fast enough. As far as they are concerned, we should already be up around Rung 39: Slow-Motion Countercity War, or "city trading."

Mr. Kahn should be given a high score for his ability to play games with words and concepts. Also, he transmits a signal which it would be perilous to ignore. We heard little from him after the test-ban treaty and the mild relaxation of tension that followed. Now he is edging back into the limelight, and there is probably worse trouble ahead. It is a sequence we have seen before; Mr. Kahn climbs his own ladder.

Guerrilla Warfare, U.S.A.

In one of its useful roundups, this time by Robert E. Dallos, *The Wall Street Journal* (March 26) tells of the boom in the John Birch Society's fortunes. Far from being discomfited by the resounding defeat of Barry Goldwater, the Birchites have taken new heart. Their premise is that the United States is already 70 per cent Communist-dominated and in ten years or so will be taken over lock, stock and barrel.

According to the Birch credo, those middle-of-the-road conservatives who expected Barry Goldwater to turn the tide have learned their lesson. The country was already too far gone when Barry made his bid, and only Robert Welch has a chance of saving it. The society is said now to number between 75,000 and 100,000 members, with a much larger ring of sympathizers. It stands, then, on the Right where the Communists, with 80,000 members and ten sympathizers for each member, stood at their peak in 1944. And the John Birch people are probably better heeled than the Communists ever were.

Thus they have a free field to heckle, harry, smear and intimidate Reds, pinks, liberals, level-headed conservatives and everyone who does not share their frenzy. Welch, the founding father, has just reiterated his contention that former President Eisenhower is "a dedicated and conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy." The Birchites are not a political organization in the orthodox sense. They are political guerrillas and they are making some headway against the accepted democratic institutions.

The National Council on Civic Responsibility was founded to counteract the Birch type of guerrilla attack on what used to be called the American Way, already undermined by United States actions abroad and particularly in Southeast Asia. The Council never got off the ground; apparently there were not enough Americans sufficiently aroused by right-wing extremism to raise the funds required. It never got much above \$32,000, while the John Birch Society is said to have a present income of \$250,000 per month. Local councils continue to oppose the ultra-rightists

in various parts of the country, especially in the West, and perhaps will eventually coalesce again on a national scale.

But it seems passing strange that the will and limited resources necessary to carry through the original plan and program of the National Council should be lacking. Perhaps the initiators of the project, preoccupied with the Presidential election, concluded too hastily that Goldwater's defeat removed the threat of right-wing extremism. But a number of post-election developments, including the unmasking of the sinister plot to smear Senator Thomas Kuchel, and the continuing attempts to "infiltrate" such organizations as the P. T. A., all show the urgent need for an organized effort under responsible direction to defend individuals and organizations against the assaults of the far Right.

The Price of Prudery

Americans—including the deans of some medical schools—who have been under the comfortable impression that the venereal diseases have been licked by public education and antibiotics are due for a rude awakening when they read "Today's VD Control Problem," the 12th annual report prepared by the staff of the American Health Association and jointly sponsored by that organization, the Association of State and Territorial Health Officers, and the American Venereal Disease Association. For the seventh consecutive year the reported incidence of infectious syphilis in the United States has increased. The low point was reached in 1957, when 6,251 new cases were reported. The latest annual count is 22,733 new cases. The recent rise in the curve of reported cases of gonorrhea, which is about ten times more prevalent than syphilis, has been even steeper. Although part of the increase is due to better—but still bad—reporting, the plea of the sponsoring organizations for \$14 million for overall VD control for fiscal 1966, an increase of \$4 million over last year, seems justified.

Actual new cases are between three and five times reported cases. Private physicians treat about three-fourths of all VD cases that are treated, but only 11 per cent of physicians are said to report their cases to public health authorities. The result is not only that the available statistics grossly understate the prevalence of VD, but public health authorities are often in no position to do the vital work of interviewing patients and following up sex contacts. The importance of follow-up is shown by a figure in the appendix to the report, showing the progress of a recent outbreak of syphilis in a Middle West metropolitan area. One male was diagnosed as an early latent syphilis case in a general hospital clinic. He named four female contacts. From these a total of 45 male contacts was obtained, 43 being named by two of the women. Examination of 38 of the exposed males uncovered 22 cases of early syphilis. Treatment of these resulted in a sharp reduction in the number of females infected in the next tier. Finally, in the last tier

of males there was found only a single infection.

Contact with prostitutes is popularly regarded as a major source of infection but, if this was true once, it is true no longer. On the basis of a sample representing 12-15 per cent of the states and 20-25 per cent of the cities, contact with prostitutes accounts for only 5-10 per cent of all infectious syphilis and gonorrhea. Thus, eradicating prostitution, to which so much police vice squad effort (including shakedowns) is devoted, would do little to reduce VD incidence. The need, rather, is to make VD truly a public health problem, like diphtheria and typhoid fever. We are divided into two worlds—one in which sex and its problems are discussed freely (sometimes as if it were a branch of the entertainment field) and one in which the subject remains taboo. The former, smaller but more articulate, obscures the existence and social pressures of the latter, which in effect dictates to physicians that their only duty is to cure the patients who come to them for treatment. The foreword to the ASHA pamphlet states: "There is still resistance to straightforward education for young people about the venereal diseases and as yet only a very small percentage of our schools include VD education in their curriculum." In some states VD education is prohibited by regulations that have the force of law. The consequences of this prudery are far more damaging than the immorality which its adherents fear to encourage.

Violence and the KKK

Dr. Martin Luther King has released a statement adopted by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference that deserves far more attention than it has received. The SCLC is, as of course it must be, deeply concerned with the problem of lawlessness and violence directed against Negroes and civil rights workers generally in the Southern states. Yet it opposes the suggestion that the House Committee on Un-American Activities should investigate the KKK and similar groups. It offers instead the sensible alternative proposal that the President appoint a commission to investigate the problem of law enforcement and current patterns of racial violence.

"In urging this course," to quote from the statement, "we wish to make it absolutely clear that such investigation should be concerned only with overt acts and not thought processes." Assuming a good staff, ample funds and commission members of high caliber, such an investigation could be extremely useful. More and more, one hears of various proposals to extend federal jurisdiction over certain types of criminal behavior related in one way or another to civil rights issues. The fact that murders go unpunished in the South contributes to a general feeling that "something should be done," a feeling that is usually translated into the companion slogan, "pass a law." There are obvious dangers in a reckless extension of federal jurisdiction in some of these areas, not to mention constitutional difficulties, yet the pressures mount for their enactment. A thorough and

thoughtful investigation might head off ill-considered proposals and, at the same time, suggest other and more appropriate actions.

Various related areas should be investigated. The disclosure of an arms factory in Southern California that has been manufacturing automatic weapons and modifying rifles without a state license contributes to the same general feeling of uneasiness. At the same time, law-enforcement officials are concerned with specific problems on which a commission report could throw considerable light—as, for example, crime in the streets, in self-service elevators and in subways. The spectacle of police officers in New York City riding “shotgun” on subway trains at certain hours not only gives the city a hateful image but contributes, in turn, to existing tension and apprehension. Granted that law enforcement, no matter how efficient and humane, cannot by itself provide a complete answer to such problems, nevertheless there is a specific law-enforcement aspect which re-

quires careful study. The fact, too, that four Puerto Ricans have committed suicide in precinct jails in New York in the last few months does not contribute to better majority-minority relations in the city. The raucous cheers of New York’s finest at this year’s meeting of the police department’s Holy Name Society is itself an indication that relations between the police and the city’s racial minorities have deteriorated. In the same way, repeated reports of Birchite efforts to infiltrate police departments is a legitimate public concern if the inquiry carefully avoids the question of membership *per se*. It might be a good idea, also, if the police side of such incidents as last year’s riots in Rochester were better known. If a commission of the type proposed were patterned on the Wickersham Commission on Law Observance and Law Enforcement (1929-1931), it could serve a number of useful purposes, including a thoroughgoing investigation of J. Edgar Hoover’s crime statistics which, once again, are the subject of controversy.

Why I Will Not Go to the United States

Jean-Paul Sartre

On learning that Jean-Paul Sartre had cancelled his lectures at Cornell University, The Nation cabled him for an explanation of his action. In response, M. Sartre authorized us to publish in America the following statement (with interview interpolations) which he had already prepared for Le Nouvel Observateur. The English translation is by Lionel Abel.

Paris

Let’s not kid ourselves. We are in danger of being caught in one of the prettiest snares ever invented by propagandists. What do the Americans say? That they are intensifying the war in Vietnam, that they are bombing the north and using gas in the south, in order to be in a better position to negotiate. Considering the horror, this sounds encouraging. But what do the American claims amount to? Obviously, one always makes war in order to make peace. In order to arrive at *some kind* of peace. The kind of peace one desires. In order to arrive at *some kind* of negotiation. The kind one wants to impose. Here is the problem: Is a solution being sought which can be accepted by the enemy, or is the enemy’s destruction being sought, so that his successors will accept capitulation? Washington declares that it is waiting for some sign of good will on

the part of North Vietnam. Translated, this means: We are waiting for North Vietnam to concede defeat, to beg us to stop bombarding it and to promise to give no further aid to the Vietcong. Clearly this means the Americans are for extending the war. So let’s understand them. That is of first importance. And having understood them, we must take a stand ourselves. That is just what I have done.

To be sure, there are Americans who have understood and condemned this policy, and who have even demonstrated against it. It is these Americans who reproach me for having called off the series of lectures I was to give next month in the United States. I had been invited a year ago by Cornell University, where I count not a few friends. I have in mind those on the Cornell staff who recently sent President Johnson an open letter, denouncing his policy on Vietnam, and who organized a protest march in Ithaca. I had accepted Cornell’s invitation, first of all, because of the quality of this university, and then because I had noted the development in the United States of an active minority, whose views I sympathized with, which has been participating side by side with Negroes in the struggle against racial dis-

crimination. At Cornell I would not have felt out of place.

It is true that at the time America was already at war with Vietnam. But the war had not yet reached the proportions it took on just a month ago. When the United States, after the defeat of the French in 1954, decided to support the Diem government, its purpose evidently was to insure its own strategic position in the Far East. But one could think that at that particular moment it had been caught in a trap; one was not obliged to think that it wanted to support a dictatorship. Since then the trap has slowly closed. The situation has become worse, year after year, and the Americans have found themselves squeezed. One would even have been able to sympathize with them if they had tried to get out of the trap by seeking a solution which a democratically elected South Vietnamese government could have found acceptable.

Instead of which, when it became evident that the successive shocks to this dictatorship were due entirely to personal rivalries within a decadent ruling clique, and when it became clear, too, that the regime was detested by the people of Vietnam as a whole, the Americans refused to draw reasonable conclu-

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sions and turned to what I would call an attitude of "diversion": Held in check by the Vietcong in the south, they decided to strike out against the neighbor in the north.

Militarily, this made no sense, for these actions do not help them toward victory in the south. The American high command itself has estimated that only 10 to 20 per cent of the arms and munitions of the Vietcong come from North Vietnam. Let's suppose that an impenetrable wall could be set up, separating the north from the south. Would the fighting strength of the Vietcong be diminished? Hardly. The Vietcong would merely change its tactics and intensify its efforts to arm itself from the same source that has already served it, namely, the depots of the South Vietnamese army.

Aggression against the north is the expression of an ignominious policy, one which has modified the very character of the war.

It is a quantitative difference. Operations are addressed to other targets and are carried out by other means, but the objectives remain the same.

On the contrary. After a certain point, as everybody knows, quantity changes into quality. The bombardments of the north have given the war the Americans are waging there a new aspect. These bombings indicate an irreversible qualitative leap, insofar as they make brutally evident that American society as such has an imperialist base.

Until the bombings, the situation in Vietnam had a politically and morally positive aspect, insofar as the Vietcong was moving toward victory, while the American position was becoming more and more untenable. It would have been possible for me to go to the United States at that time, because I had the definite impression that a period of imperialist recession had begun and that the Americans were about ready to judge their policy absurd.

The bombings have changed all this. After they began, I realized that the Americans had understood nothing and that there was no common language between them and us. They tell me: Come and argue with us. But discussion is possible only with those who are ready to put in question the whole American imperialist policy—not only in Vietnam but in South America, in Korea,

On the Need for Dialogue

Jean-Paul Sartre's statement on the reasons that prompted him to cancel his scheduled lectures at Cornell demonstrates the need for clarification of views through a continuing dialogue.

The Nation has been consistently critical of American policy in Vietnam since 1954, but we do not share Sartre's view that the bombings "indicate an irreversible qualitative leap." President de Gaulle carried on a long campaign of intrigue and maneuver, not unmixed with deception, before he was able to extricate France from the deeply mistaken policy it had pursued in Algeria. It may be that Sartre misreads President Johnson's intention in much the same way that some Americans misread de Gaulle's. *The Nation* does not share the President's view that "force must often precede reason"; the failure to base American policy on reason, not force, accounts for our present difficulties and embarrassments. Even so, we are prepared to believe that the President may be more flexible than his tactics would indicate.

We believe, also, that Sartre has misread American public opinion. The fact that the President and his advisers have felt the need to devote increasing attention to their domestic critics is clear indication that these critics have had a significant impact. Apparently Sartre does not realize that perhaps a third of the Senate is critical in varying degrees of the Administration's policy in Vietnam.

For this reason, we reject Sartre's contention that anything he might have said here would have been brushed aside as of no consequence. It is because we are convinced that Sartre would have reached a larger audience through his lectures at Cornell than he imagines that we asked him to tell our readers why he had decided not to come and to give some indication of what he had intended to say.

President Johnson's speech at Johns Hopkins University revealed, clearly enough, that he is sensitive to criticism and responds to it. Specifically, the President is to be commended for making crystal clear that this country imposes no preconditions to immediate negotiations looking toward a peaceful settlement. He is also to be commended for his offer of an aid program. But in other respects we were not impressed by what he said. For one thing, the offer of aid was not quite as generous as it was made to seem. Vietnam is already costing us nearly a billion a year, not to mention additional sums we spend in Southeast Asia. Nor was there any indication of the time span over which the billion-dollar aid program might extend.

The speech was primarily addressed to the seventeen nonaligned nations that have urged negotiations, and to world opinion generally (including domestic critics); it was not addressed to the North Vietnamese. Also, it is all very well to say that "each people may choose its own path to change," but the people of South Vietnam were denied this option in 1956, with Washington's acquiescence if not at its insistence. When, under what circumstances, and under what auspices, would we be willing to let the South Vietnamese make such a determination? The hawks in Washington may want a sealed-off, neutral South Vietnam, but the Vietnamese may have their own ideas. On balance, however, the President's speech is to be commended.

All the more reason, then, why Sartre should have spoken at Cornell. We hope the invitation will be renewed and that, this time, he will decide to come. It would be most unfortunate if any kind of curtain—say a curtain of misunderstanding—were to be lowered on the possibility of a lively and continuing dialogue between foreign intellectuals of all shades of opinion, of all nations, and their opposite numbers in America.

—The Editors

and in all the countries constituting a "third world"; moreover, discussion is possible only with those Americans who will concede that American policy cannot be changed short of a complete turnover of American society. Now very few, even on the American Left, are ready to go that far. Today, it is impossible for a European intellectual who aligns himself with the "third world" to ask the State Department for a visa to the United States. Should he go there, whatever he says, the people of the "third world" will condemn him. Because why should one pay a visit to an enemy? The reaction of my Cuban friends is significant in this respect. Several months ago they said to me: "Go to the United States, certainly, but speak about Cuba when you get there." Since the bombings of North Vietnam, they have all asked: "What are you going there for?"

It wasn't the State Department that invited you, but precisely those intellectuals who formed part of that active minority of which you spoke a while ago. What you might have said there would have been published in the press and have had some effect.

To whom would I have spoken? I would have given five lectures in the university to an audience of students and teachers. There would have been no real dialogue, since on the whole my audience would have been more or less in agreement with me. To be sure, some right wingers would have been charming and would have said (you know the American feeling for fair play): "He has the right, of course, to state his opinions." Some newspapers would have published extracts from my lectures—ten lines here, twenty lines there—and that would have been all. This would have produced hardly a ripple on the surface of American life. And on the other hand, it could be said that Sartre, the "Nobel Prize winner" (in quotation marks, of course), came to the United States to discuss reasonably, with fair-minded people, the American policy in Vietnam. That is what I did not want.

I propose a comparison. Suppose that Faulkner, winner of the Nobel Prize (this time without quotation marks), had been invited to give lectures in certain French universities at the height of the Algerian war—in 1957, for example. And



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Jean-Paul Sartre

suppose that he had come here at the time of Sakiet. I ask you: What importance could his words have had? Some newspapers would have published passages of what he said, perhaps attenuated, and most people in the inflamed France of that time would have thought: "Why is this foreigner mixing in? Since he accepts our invitation to come here, by what right does he condemn our policies? And anyway, the Americans have no lessons to teach us, with their hidden colonies, like Puerto Rico. . . ." You may be sure that people would have reacted in this way. Any protest by Faulkner would have been undermined in advance. Why? Because, in coming to visit us, he would have been accepting a whole system of which

French policy in Algeria was an integral part.

All the same, isn't it true that the Americans are precisely the ones whom it is desirable to convince about Vietnam? And the young American Left, which has practically no outlet in the press, would have been able to borrow your voice while you were there.

The problem is not whether or not I would have helped such Americans more or less by going there. The fact is that I cannot help them at all. Because their political weight, unhappily, is nil. It is not the Left that will impose negotiations, any more than the French Left, which was much stronger, was able by its pressures to force negotiations in Algeria. The game was played by

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three parties: de Gaulle, the Army and the FLN, supported by the Algerian population of the cities. For our part, we often demonstrated in the streets. This was right for us to do, because we were French. And it served to show the Algerians that there was, after all, a French minority which considered the war evil. But we recognized that we did not achieve any real results; objectively, our opposition accomplished nothing.

In the United States, too, there is an opposition. It is more and more active. And in a way what it has done in the struggle against racism has required more force and courage than was required of the French in the struggle against the Algerian war, even when Frenchmen directly aided the FLN. To go to the Southern states to participate in a march with Negroes means to run the risk of being killed. Two Northern white students were killed last year in Mississippi. Not long ago a minister was killed in Alabama and after that a young married woman. Nevertheless, more and more whites are ready to run these risks. They show an admirable and astonishing courage.

Their action is certainly not useless, insofar as it forces Americans to take account of the racist oppression existing in their own country. Hundreds of Negroes have been killed in the South. That did not cause much stir. But when a young white woman, when a white minister was assassinated, it was something else again. You will remember how people were touched in France by the testimony of Henri Alleg; that was because he was the first Frenchman who we knew for sure had been subjected to torture. People had come to admit that Moslems were being tortured, but for a Frenchman to be tortured was quite another matter.

In their struggle the American antiracists have the support — at least in words — of their government. One sees here a curious kind of balance, often found in the United States. When the government hardens its imperialist policy abroad, it often takes a more liberal line domestically on racial matters. Today the mobilization of public opinion in the antiracist struggle, encouraged as it is by the government, serves Johnson by turning the attention of the people from what he is doing in Vietnam.

That is why those Americans who have taken a clear position against the American policy in Vietnam are much fewer than those who are participating in the anti-racist struggle. They form a tiny minority of intellectuals who, if not fully conscious politically, are at least morally aware of the absurd and ignominious policy their country is carrying out in Vietnam. These people are totally impotent. One of them wrote me: "If you do not come to us, if you break off all communication with us, it must be that you regard us as the accursed of this earth!" I do think, in fact, that a man of the American Left who has a clear view of the situation, and who sees himself isolated in a land entirely conditioned by the myths of imperialism and anticommunism, such a man, I say, and with all respect, is indeed one of the accursed of this earth. He totally disapproves of the politics carried on in his name and his action is totally ineffective—in any case, for the present.

Should there be one day a transformation of American policy, this would have to come, would it not, from within that country?

That depends. With respect to race, certainly. The pressure already exerted has definitely produced results. It is the work of the Negroes, to be sure, but also of the whites beginning to struggle alongside them. And public opinion has become more and more sensitive about this problem. It will take perhaps twenty or thirty years for the racial situation to be normalized somewhat in the United States. But the movement will not stop, because the Negroes will never permit their experience to be forgotten.

We cannot give any help to the American antiracists. For someone to come from abroad, and declare that "racism is very bad," would help absolutely no one. American society has produced its myths and its ideology, and it is on the basis of these myths and this ideology — and against them — that a new American thought will have to form itself. Nothing like this can come from Europe.

Vietnam is another problem. First of all, there are only about three months in which to take action. But it is unthinkable at the present moment for the forces of the American Left to modify a policy which is governed by the deepest struc-

ture of American society. American opinion can become sensitive on this subject only as a result of a deep crisis: a military disaster or the threat of world war. The only way we have of contributing to this awareness is by making a brutal and global condemnation of American policy in Vietnam and by trying to provoke wherever possible — that is to say, in Europe — protests against that policy.

Certain journals have said that you condemn the Americans more readily than the Soviets.

If we look at the facts, that is a plain lie. With Merleau-Ponty I condemned, in my own review, *Les Temps Modernes*, the Stalinist concentration camps the moment their existence was demonstrated. I violently condemned Soviet intervention in Budapest in an interview for *L'Express*, the essentials of which were republished in most of the press.

In any case, this accusation is absurd. We are not preachers and it is not our duty to divide accusations and strictures equally, or to make the same number of moral sermons to the East as to the West. One must know what side one is on, without losing sight of the fact that critical judgment is an intellectual duty.

If the American Government, recognizing the error of prior administrations, had withdrawn its military experts and soldiers from Vietnam, I would not have been the last to approve, and to think that some change had occurred in the United States. But the contrary has happened: The economic and social structures of the United States have made the worst, if not certain, at least the most likely to occur. In fact, the worst has occurred. The American intervention in North Vietnam has to be understood in the context of the whole foreign policy of the United States.

It is not only Vietnam that is at stake. If the Americans were pushed back to Saigon, there would certainly be repercussions throughout the "third world," and this would certainly imply trouble in Latin America. The policy is indeed to maintain by force the whole system of oppression.

I have visited the United States in the past. I had friends there. But conditions were different then. America was emerging from the war, and even if I did not approve

all I saw, it was not the same as now. Today it is a question of a clear act of aggression, cynically and characteristically embarked on without justification or even a serious alibi. I wish to say, also, that we do not now have to regard America as the center of the world. It is the greatest power in the world? Granted. But note: It is far from

being the center of it. When one is a European, one has the duty even not to consider America as the world's center; one has to show one's interest in and prove one's solidarity with the people of Vietnam, Cuba and Africa, with all one's friends in the "third world," who have thrust themselves to the threshold of existence and of free-

dom, and who prove each day that the greatest power in the world is incapable of imposing its laws; that it is also the most vulnerable power in the world, and that the world has not chosen it to be its center of gravity. The United States will evolve, of course, slowly, very slowly. And more, I think, if one resists it, than if one preaches to it.

The Right to Vote

Small Fruit of a Bold Promise William W. Van Alstyne

Monday night, March 15, 1965, President Johnson delivered what is now widely regarded as the most moving address of his career. His message was of "a purpose," which he paraphrased from the Declaration of Independence, that ours must be a government by consent of substantially *all* the governed. Five times he expounded on that purpose without reservation—that the duty to bear allegiance to a government and its laws implies an equivalent right to select the governors, and that the free access of each to the ballot is the sole means by which government periodically renews its just powers:

The most basic right of all was the right to choose your own leaders. The history of this country is, in large measure, the history of the expansion of that right to all our people. . . .

Every American citizen must have an equal right to vote. . . .

Open your polling places to all your people. . . .

We cannot refuse to protect the right of Americans to vote. . . .

All Americans must have the right to vote. And we are going to give them that right.

These remarks were designed to set the stage for a new federal statute that would secure the vote for Americans who have been too long disfranchised. The specific proposal, delivered to Congress two days later, represents the most significant exercise of national authority in the voting-rights field since Reconstruction—more significant by far than the legislative

shards of 1957, 1960 and 1964. Taken solely as an implementation of the Fifteenth Amendment, it is a reasonably tough, competent and substantial piece of legislation. It contemplates the expeditious use of neutral federal registrars, it eliminates some of the more onerous requirements for registering in states with the longest record of racial discrimination, and it is enforceable by substantial sanctions.

Specifically, it forbids the use of "any test or device" respecting literacy, education, knowledge, or moral character, in any state or political subdivision where such tests have been employed and where less than 50 per cent of the voting age population were registered and voted in the last Presidential election. As a practical matter, the substance of the bill applies to the six states of Alabama, South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, Virginia and Georgia. With respect to each, there exists compelling evidence that the bill is appropriate legislation to keep those states from continuing to abridge voting privileges "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." (Several dozen political subdivisions in other states, including North Carolina, are also subject to the bill. Some of these, however, such as a few counties in Maine, Idaho and Alaska, which are technically affected, will be free of the bill once they satisfy a federal court that there has been no voting discrimination because of race within those subdivisions in the last ten years.)

The bill is frankly addressed to the elimination of so-called "literacy" tests such as that recently in use in Alabama which, among

other things, required voter applicants correctly to answer certain questions based on the obscure Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution. (A systematic poll of professors currently teaching constitutional law in American law schools



asked them to attempt to answer four of these questions without taking time to look up the Twelfth Amendment. Of the 384 responses that were returned, 70 per cent of the answers were wrong!)

The bill would also put an end to the farce in Louisiana where applicants are required to state their age in terms of years, months and days (without being told whether to count the current day, and whether to treat each month as having thirty days or actually account for those having thirty-one), a test

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which the Civil Rights Commission determined could not be passed even by one of the local registrars authorized to administer it. By providing for the appointment of federal registrars, the bill overcomes customary evasions indulged by local registrars, some of whom have simply closed their offices or temporarily resigned when Negroes lined up to register. (In Tuskegee, Alabama, a registrar closed the office when Negroes showed up to register, only to be discovered several hours later busily registering white citizens in the vault of the county courthouse.) As a Fifteenth Amendment bill, the President's measure is almost certainly constitutional and indubitably overdue.

As implementation of Mr. Johnson's call for universal suffrage, however, the bill is an extreme disappointment. It neither establishes universal suffrage nor fully anticipates significant possibilities for further racial discrimination. It will have no application whatever in three-fifths of all the states, i.e., the thirty states which do not currently employ "any test or device" respecting literacy, education, knowledge or moral character, as a prerequisite of voting. Among the exempt states are Arkansas, Tennessee, Texas and Florida, from which there have come numerous complaints of racial discrimination in certain counties. The bill will have substantially no application even to the majority of the twenty states which continue to employ some variety of "literacy" test, since more than 50 per cent of those of voting age were registered and did vote in the last Presidential election in all but six of these states.

With respect to all states, the bill leaves wholly unaffected severe residency restrictions, as well as the proofs of residency which a state may require. (A number of states insist upon a year's residence in the state as a condition of voting even for President. A few require a year's residence within a particular district.) The bill does not reach poll-tax requirements still imposed in five states as a condition of voting in any state or local election. (It does, however, provide a simplified procedure for satisfying state poll-tax requirements.)

Nor does the bill forbid any state from devising new restrictions on the ballot, provided only the result-

ing discrimination is not of a racial character. Presumably, those in control of the state governments may in the future, as they have in the past, limit the ballot by disfranchising any person not owning a prescribed amount of land or not receiving a certain amount of income. They may stiffen their residency requirements still further to disfranchise the several million Americans who establish new homes from time to time, or may modify their rules to exclude others who have not moved at all but who cannot "prove" their residency. The state legislatures may invent new disqualifications and prescribe complicated procedures yet undreamed of, without reproach by this or any other federal law.

The bill, in brief, is neither botomed on the purpose of the Declaration of Independence nor directed toward universal adult suffrage. It does not pursue the catch phrase of the Preamble to the Constitution by making "the people of the United States" eligible to vote even for their national representatives. It does not take literally the preliminary phrases in Article I and the Seventeenth Amendment, that Representatives and Senators shall be chosen "by the People," rather than by some of the people, part of the people or those of the people deemed worthy by those who control the state governments. Neither does it attempt to develop a full franchise among the states by interpreting the constitutional guarantee of a "Republican Form of Government" to mean a government in which the representatives are subject to the choice of substantially all of the governed. Nor does it respond to the invitation of the Fourteenth Amendment's equal-protection clause by acting on the President's suggestion that any restriction other than that of citizenship (and, presumably, age and sanity) is arbitrary and therefore subject to elimination by federal statute.

The bill does none of these things, and it is not intended to do them. Rather, it is a Fifteenth Amendment bill which is directed to but one part of one facet of voting rights—racial discrimination in the use of so-called literacy tests.

The appalling difference between the bold egalitarian principle proclaimed by President Johnson on that Monday, and the diminutive bill

which followed on Wednesday, calls attention to the historic ambivalence of the American political experiment. On the one hand, there is the unfulfilled egalitarian commitment of the Revolution which repudiated all philosophies of elite rule. It anticipated Lord Acton's dictum that for the long run, power may not safely be divorced from those subject to that power. It anticipated pragmatism, in holding that operative truths at any given time can be only the conclusion reached in the market where a variety of alleged truths compete for acceptance by those who are expected to conduct themselves according to whatever consensual truth becomes law for the time being. It implied the view that the right to vote can no more be made to depend upon what others may think of the qualifications of the voter, than the right to speak can be made dependent upon what others may think of the qualifications of the speaker. Indeed, it conceived an experiment in political responsibility in the same sense of Holmes's observation that our commitment to freedom of speech is an experiment and, as he noted further, as "all life is an experiment."

The ambivalence of the experiment, however, proceeds from the fact that the Constitution hedged on the implied purpose of the Declaration of Independence. While it, too, spoke in part of government by the people, it provided in substance only for those who found favor with the elite in control of the state legislatures.

The Constitution neither defined American citizenship nor guaranteed to those who were citizens any right to vote either in state or federal elections. Rather, it left the determination of state and local electorates entirely to those who then and thereafter administered the state governments. Simultaneously, it provided that the federal electorate for Congressional representatives was to consist only of those whom the state governments had already made eligible to vote in state elections. The selection of the President and of Senators, moreover, was simply handed over to the state legislatures. Except for the method of filling these offices and with other minor qualification, none of this has been basically changed by any subsequent amendment to the Constitution.

In fact, the original defect has been heavily underscored by succeeding amendments. In providing that none shall be disqualified from voting because of race or sex, the Fifteenth and Nineteenth Amendments carry forward the implication that any other state ground of disqualification continues to be constitutional. In eliminating the poll tax merely for federal elections by constitutional amendment instead of by a simple statute, Congress evidently concedes that, but for the amendment, such a tax or any other disqualification could be imposed by those in control of the state governments and Congress would be powerless to do anything about it.

This scheme, leaving the governed largely to the mercy of the enfranchised elite of each state, has been recognized by the Supreme Court for what it is: a system in which there is no constitutional right to vote in any state or federal election, and no right at all apart from the scarcely controllable whimsy of the state governments. Constitutionally speaking, what President Johnson extolled as "the most basic right of all" is but a revocable privilege enjoyed only by those who can persuade the state governments to confer and to continue it:

It does not follow from mere citizenship of the United States. In other words, the privilege to vote in a state is within the jurisdiction of the state itself, to be exercised as the state may direct, and upon such terms as to it may seem proper. . . . The question whether the conditions prescribed by the state might be regarded as reasonable or unreasonable is not a Federal one. (Pope v. Williams, 193 U.S. 621, 632-33)

That cynical judicial appraisal of the "right" to vote is but a faithful reflection of American history. Under the massive restrictions in effect among the thirteen states following ratification of the Constitution, less than 10 per cent of the whole population was eligible to vote even in federal elections. The "elite" eliminated the majority by discriminating on the basis of race, sex, property, income and religion, quite aside from varying qualifications in terms of residency, age, competency and lack of a criminal record. (It is interesting, however, that not one of the thirteen states

originally maintained a literacy requirement!)

A number of constitutional scholars have argued that, notwithstanding the original constitutional scheme, Congress could secure an approximate universal franchise by legislating against all undemocratic restrictions on the right to vote. Some suggest that the Supreme Court could even do the job alone, without the benefit of supportive federal statutes. To a large extent, such proposals are based upon the implications of the "democratizing" sections of the Constitution referred to earlier: most promisingly, upon the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. The Court's authority is, however, both limited in law and already almost overextended in fact. (Witness the reaction to its reapportionment decisions.) It is most doubtful that the Court can fairly be expected to do more than it has without Congress-



sional support, and in the face of compelling historical evidence against any express constitutional requirement for universal adult suffrage. Congress' authority in this area is doubtless somewhat greater than that of the Court acting alone, but it too labors under the heavy constraint that primary control over the ballot is still constitutionally assigned to the state governments. All of which would appear to put the matter up to the states, for the time being.

There will be those, however, who find the continuing ambivalence of the Constitution positively shocking. They may have assumed that we have always been committed to the principle of democratic rule, that the right to vote is "the most basic right," and that it has always been constitutionally

guaranteed. Being disabused only of this last point, they may also determine that the lack of explicit recognition in the Constitution of the right to vote is an anomaly that ought to be swiftly corrected.

For these, the way to universal adult suffrage is clear. Amend the Constitution to establish the right to vote once and for all, leaving to Congress only the appropriate authority to insure the integrity of the electoral process. The matter of voter qualifications cannot be left to the states, for that implies that those in control of state government may legitimately restrict the right to vote. It cannot be left to Congress, for that would mean that transient Congressional majorities could likewise limit the ballot and disfranchise an unlimited number of the governed. The only legitimate authority to be delegated to either is solely the authority to guarantee the full franchise to which each should be entitled as a matter of constitutional right. Should there arise a conflict in the detail of opposing state and federal legislation, moreover, it would seem safer that the federal detail should prevail.

Against the backdrop of the President's message and the sordid, tortured history of the franchise, the following amendment is in the nature of a modest proposal:

All citizens of the United States who are at least 18 years of age and who have not been formally adjudged mentally incompetent, shall be eligible to vote in any election held in the state or political subdivision where they reside.

Congress shall have the power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

The amendment is couched in fairly broad language, recognizing the need for flexibility in the maintenance of electoral procedures, as changing circumstances may require. It also provides for legislative determination of how age and residency shall be proved, but it would enable the Supreme Court to invalidate unreasonable requirements of proof should the state governments or Congress ever be tempted to abuse their discretion. Beyond these things, the proposal merely takes the President at his word. It would be interesting to learn how many of those who applauded the President that Monday night in March would also support the applied logic of what he had to say.

Backward Nations

Aid and Resources William C. & Paul Paddock

The development of the undeveloped is much more than foreign aid. Years of public and Congressional arguing about our aid budgets have given Americans the nightmare impression that everything is their responsibility, that it is up to them to provide the ideas, the money, the men to bring forward each backward corner of the world; that if we do not so provide we fall short of our responsibility to humanity, to world stability and to our own security.

Yet foreign aid (including the aid efforts of many European countries) is, or should be, only a supplement to what the local nation must do—and can only itself do. By now every “lagging” nation must have a nicely phrased five- or ten-year development plan that has been put together with great bureaucratic labor. Aid officials often, too often perhaps, play an active role in this assembling of programs which, they hope, will lead the people onward and upward to the Land of the Blessed.

Since the world is well into its second decade of formal development programs, surely by now enough experience, enough empirical facts, should be at hand to tell the planners how to develop a country. The evidence, judging by any day's headlines, is that this knowledge remains elusive. A few individual projects may succeed, but the development of a nation, or even of a province, remains unaccomplished.

American aid to Latin America began in the 1930s; yet today not only is food production decreasing on a per capita basis but there are even isolated examples of falling yields per acre. Recent data developed in the U.S. Department of Agriculture reveal that corn yields per acre in Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador were higher in 1955-59 than in 1961-63. In Brazil both

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wheat and corn per acre yields were higher in 1935-39 than 1955-59. Guatemala shows the greatest drop: its corn production in 1935-39 averaged 15.7 bushels to the acre, but in 1955-59 it was down to 11.3 (and corn comprises 60 per cent of the Guatemalan diet).

Perhaps such failures occur because the planners, both local and foreign, do not bring into clear focus what the aim of the development is to be.

Is the aim to raise the national standard of living (as judged by some GNP statistic evolved from the ephemeral data of an inchoate society)? Or is it to raise the well-being of the lower classes? Or to diversify the economy? Or to educate the masses and thereby enable them to enter the 20th century? Is development entered into with the political aim of keeping the nation calm and stable?

Or is it to do all these things, to make each citizen healthy (rela-

tively), wealthy (ditto) and wise (ditto)?

The trouble with national development programs (and of foreign-aid efforts) is that they aim to do just that. They try to aid everybody in every way. There is a vast social welfare program; a vast education program; a complex economic program of new credit layers and tax adjustments and gifts of factory buildings and equipment. And in a great many cases a military assistance program. There is, in short, something for everybody; all things to all people.

And so the “development” programs falter and fail. The planners have ignored, or were ignorant of, certain inescapable truths about their country, their backward country.

First, they have ignored the paucity of local resources. If the country had rich resources it would not be backward; it would be pros-

perous. There are always native entrepreneurs, even in Socialist-oriented states, eager to develop a good thing. It can be taken for granted that if good resources were available, i.e., good business openings, these native businessmen would put the local resources into use—not necessarily at maximum efficiency but at least joggling along and contributing to national welfare. On the contrary, poor countries have poor resources, just as a poor man has little money in the bank. This must always keep the people at a low level of prosperity relative to the United States and Western Europe. This harsh fact must be faced and accepted.

Second, the planners have ignored the fact that the resources of the nation, such as they are, are *agricultural*. Maybe there is a mine here or there, or good fishing grounds or a strategically located port. But it is certain that the basis of the entire economy of the nations with which we are here concerned rests on an agricultural base. To forget agriculture in the frenzy of artificially accelerated industrialization or in the emotion of low-cost housing for urban masses or in educating a so-called leader class, is to leave the highway for a primrose path.

Third, the agriculture is, probably, tropical. The undeveloped, unprosperous, backward countries are nearly all in the world's tropical belt. The plants, the weeds, the bugs, the cycle of seasons, everything is different from the agriculture of the temperate zones. This means that the great strides in temperate-zone agriculture of the last half century cannot be transferred to tropical agriculture except by long, arduous and expensive research.

And here we encounter head-on one of the most universal fallacies—that the tropics are a lush, fertile region. Not at all. Except where irrigation is possible and except where some special condition prevails, as with the volcanic soils of Java, the tropics generally are plagued with sterile, exhausted land, with rains that come at the wrong time of the year, and, worse, with six months of no rain at all. The tropics are a rough, tough area in which to develop any form of agriculture beyond the mere subsistence level.

Despite the immense complexity

and difficulty of tropical agriculture, this nevertheless must be the point at which the underdeveloped country begins its development, because this is where its resources are, its paltry, sterile, limited resources.

If there are molybdenum mines, a strategic canal or pink sand beaches, great; utilize those, too. But always it is necessary to come back to agriculture for *national* development. The exceptions to this rule, such as the Bahamas with its tourists, Mauretania with one iron mine as its only resource, Saudi Arabia with its oil, Puerto Rico with its special United States outlet for manufactures and surplus population, remain that and nothing more—exceptions. There is no example of a tropical backward country today getting ahead on the basis of industrialization alone.

How does a nation develop its tropical agriculture? How does it start up the research programs? Unfortunately, this is not a simple process like building a factory or issuing a new form of credit or putting up a block of low-cost housing. It is complex, it is expensive, and it will take a long, long time. The officials who initiate the agricultural development programs will be gone and forgotten long before the public can see the results. Thus, there is no political advantage to today's leaders in starting these programs, in spending money on such research rather than on something that can be *seen* in two years.

This also is the reason why agricultural projects of this type do not appear in the proposals of foreign-aid officials. Whatever may have been the original concept of foreign aid, as expressed in Truman's Point Four programs, this branch of government has long since become a political instrument of our varying foreign policies. Aid projects, therefore, must be physical things that can have immediate propaganda impact. Long-range plans are irrelevant.

Politically, AID activities have proved an effective arm of the White House; the corps of dedicated AID officials should be complimented for that success. But political programs to bolster a tottering government, or crash-type projects to show favor to a newly installed and still insecure regime, are *not* development.

In the multiproject planning programs, both of local officials and of foreign aid, many provisions are indeed listed under "agriculture." Thus, officials sincerely say that helping agriculture is a major concept of their efforts. But it is necessary to go behind the word "agriculture" as used in these programs. One then quickly notes that the projects under this classification are also political-impact items, quick physical things like farm-to-market roads, new forms of credit, storage facilities, etc. These may make certain phases of the *marketing* of crops more efficient; they do nothing to increase production per acre.

Even colonization schemes based on clearing jungle land and moving settlers in are generally misguided. If such land were suitable for farmers, it would already be tilled. Thus, the chance that successful, sustained agriculture will evolve from empty land is not bright, although the immense sums of money poured into colonization plans may produce temporary results.

Long-range development of agriculture means research aimed at increasing production per acre; it does not mean superstructure items designed to facilitate marketing or to improve the social well-being of farm hands. It does not, to be specific about one alleged remedy, mean the violent across-the-board redistribution of holdings in an emotional "land reform."

Using Latin America as an example, the chart at the top of page 416 gives the 1964 data for the sums from United States sources that were actually spent on agricultural research in the biological and physical sciences, such as plant and animal breeding, soil chemistry, etc.

This is 0.3 per cent of the total sum of \$1,032,000,000 in total United States economic aid allocated to Latin America in 1963 budgets. These figures waver between 1963 and 1964, but the nothingness of agricultural research funds is readily apparent.

Similarly, the great amounts spent for education, both by national governments and by foreign aid, are diverted away from agriculture, from the teaching of farmers how to increase production. Instead, education funds are oriented into an assortment of areas that do *not* develop the national resources. At the top there is a weak, disjointed, near-

(A) Agency for International Development (AID)	
(1) Purdue Univ. contract at Minas Gerais, Brazil . . .	\$ 74,400
(2) North Carolina Univ. contract at La Molina, Peru	195,200
(3) U.S. Dept. of Agric. "PASA" contract in El Salvador (involves 3 men)	100,000
(4) IBEC Research Inst. (IRI) contract in Brazil	200,000
(B) Inter-American Development Bank ("the Bank for the Alliance for Progress"):	
(1) SPTF loan to Bolivia to help finance a program for the improvement and completion of existing experimental farms and creation of new farms	435,000
(C) Private Foundations (figures for 1963)	
(1) Ford Foundation	505,800
(2) Rockefeller Foundation	1,630,000
TOTAL	\$3,140,400

ly useless national university. At the next level, the high schools are intended to satisfy merely the needs of the capital city, such as providing clerical office help, mechanics and government bureaucrats. At the bottom, the elementary schools, when they do exist in the countryside, do not train the students in the needs of their agricultural environment: students are not helped to become better farmers or better fishermen. Mere literacy is *not* education. And throughout the entire system, throughout the entire social fabric, the highest goal of education is to be a lawyer or a doctor or architect, engineer, poetaster, intellectual—all worthy professions in prosperous countries, but hardly the harness with which to pull a backward country out of its morass of troubles.

Yet again there are indeed educational projects listed in the development programs under "agriculture." Continuing to use Latin America as an example, and going behind the façade, the figures given in the second tabulation are the actual 1964 sums spent from United States public and private funds on basic agricultural education, not on assorted superficial sidelines of a social or urban-oriented nature.

Can one really expect this U.S. effort of \$3,140,400 for research and \$14,354,500 for education to produce an agricultural revolution for a Latin America population, mostly rural, that numbers 236 million? And remember, fifteen years from now we expect that there will be 138 million *more* Latin Americans!

Perhaps the most disheartening factor in all this is the low prestige

of the agricultural profession in the backward countries. Although the economy is based on agriculture, although the nation waxes and wanes with its crops, although the owning of land is a mark of status, nevertheless education for agriculture remains the lowest form of cultural endeavor.

In 1962, out of 10,546 students in the universities of Central America, only 187 were studying agriculture—only 187 in five nations. That same year there were 1,022 Central American students in the United States, but only 183 were studying agriculture.

How can we cut away from the stultifying combination of the wrong kind of education, the wrong kind of agricultural development projects, the wrong kind of programs enmeshed in social uplift emotions and geared to quick political advantage, and all the misguided efforts on behalf of artificial industrialization, of health, of culture, the vast programs that dream of making everyone healthy, wealthy and wise?

If a proper aim of development is to create a prosperous farming class as the base of a viable national economy, to increase food produc-

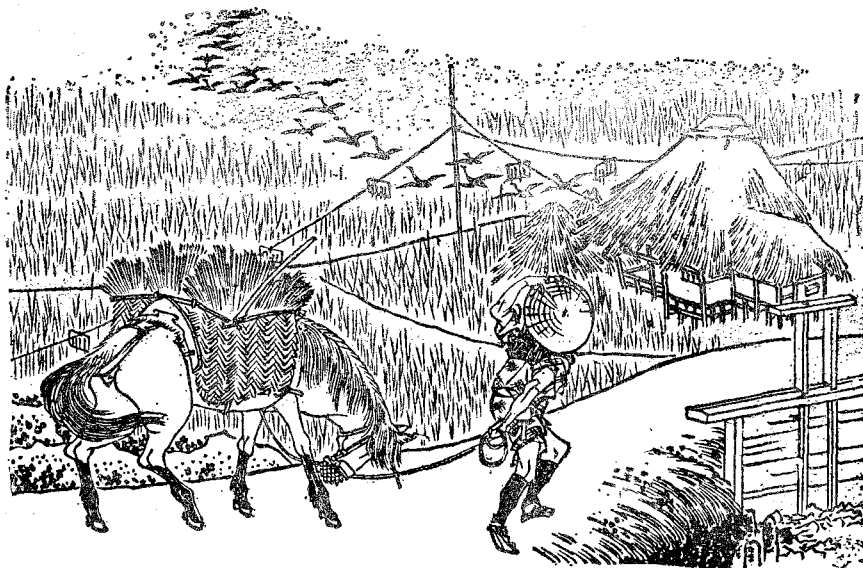
tion so that all the citizens can have adequate diets, and to expand the production of export crops in order to obtain greater amounts of foreign exchange, then the solution is direct enough and simple enough to be grasped by the officials and the public. It must be done through a resolute program of agricultural research.

Only through research can the great revolution in temperate-zone farming be extended to tropical agriculture. This is not a matter of new and unpredictable "pure" research; it is applied research designed to adapt to the tropics the principles already discovered and put to use in Iowa, Arizona, Georgia and in Denmark, the Netherlands and Japan. Because it is applied research one may be reasonably certain that results can be achieved over a period of, say, twenty years—if a massive effort is made.

Parallel with research there must be worth-while agricultural education designed for three objectives: trained scientists, trained extension agents able to get the new information into the heads of the farmers and trained farmers able to understand and utilize the discoveries of research.

It would be fine if each backward nation already had its own group of properly trained research scientists ready to go into action. In lieu of such groups, however, the modern world does offer an effective alternative. Let the local government contract with research institutions, of which there are now many in the United States and Western Europe, to proceed with the work that will increase corn or rice production in a certain province by 20 per cent, that will develop an effective weed killer for sorghum fields, that will find how to control the insects hurting cacao produc-

(A) Agency for International Development	\$4,700,000
(B) Inter-American Development Bank. By May, 1965, the entire \$525,000,000 of the Bank's Social Progress Trust Fund will have been loaned out; approximately 1.5 per cent is directed to agricultural education, or a sum of	
	7,500,000
(C) Private Foundations (figures for 1963)	
(1) Ford Foundation	1,910,500
(2) Rockefeller Foundation	234,000
(3) W. D. Kellogg Foundation	10,000
TOTAL	\$14,354,500



such research is too drawn out for politically oriented officials; it cannot be finished for propaganda impact within a couple of years; it cannot be seen.

Some private foundations have carried on this type of agricultural research for several years and have demonstrated clearly the value of applying temperate-zone techniques to the tropics—but even the largest foundations are too small for the problem at hand. Only on a government basis can the mammoth agricultural troubles of the tropical belt be overcome.

And be overcome in time. As the population curve spirals ever upward, the problem becomes the tragic one not of creating prosperity but of survival. Population is shooting upward like a jet; food production in these countries plods forward on foot. Already the food available per stomach becomes less and less. The situation will grow still worse in the years immediately ahead. It may well become catastrophic in our lifetime.

Only by concentrating a significant portion of the development effort on agricultural research can food production be increased and export crops expanded. Only through agricultural education can the farmers utilize the findings of research.

tion, that will evolve a breed of beef cattle, or of dairy cattle, able to withstand local parasites, that will learn how to use fertilizer effectively and economically.

Such research projects are entirely practical for any nation. The principal ingredient required, aside from skilled scientists, is financial stability over ten, twenty or thirty years. Unfortunately, it is the rare government of an undeveloped country that can itself promise such financial continuity, considering the budgetary ups and downs as the political winds blow. However, by con-

tracting to have an institution do this research and by paying for it in advance, at least in part, the stability necessary to any research project will be assured.

In addition to the individual research programs of these nations, the aid officials of the United States and of the other aid-giving countries should themselves instigate and finance such research, preferably on a regional rather than a national basis. The cost of even the largest research item probably would not equal that of the average aid-financed housing project. Alas,

Gas Pricing

'The Wellhead Warriors' Mel Wax

San Francisco

Yet another day of reckoning in the David-and-Goliath struggle between consumers and the giants of the natural gas industry will arrive on June 22, when the term of office of Federal Power Commission Chairman Joseph C. Swidler expires. President Johnson must then decide whether to reappoint Swidler, a staunch friend of the consumer, or replace him with a utility-oriented commissioner, thereby tipping the present 3-2 balance of power on the FPC in favor of the companies.

Natural gas supplies today one-third of the nation's total energy. The annual bill is about \$1 billion

for the consumer, who buys it from local utilities, who buy it from interstate pipe lines, who, in turn, buy it from producers.

Since 1954, the FPC has had the authority, buttressed by a crucial Supreme Court decision in the Phillips Petroleum case, to fix the producer's price at the wellhead of gas destined for interstate commerce. The producers fought hard to avoid this decision. They argued that Congress, when it passed the Natural Gas Act in 1938, never intended that the FPC should regulate producer prices—only pipe-line prices. They would settle for a compromise, if the FPC would agree to base price regulation on the "value" of the gas at the point of consumption, rather than on the cost to the producer.

Presumably, this would provide a freer market.

The stakes are fantastically high—billions and billions of dollars. A 1c per mcf (1,000 cubic feet) increase in the price of natural gas at the wellhead means a \$130-million annual increase in the nation's natural gas bill for 35 million domestic and industrial customers. The FPC estimates that a mere 1c increase boosts the total value of the 276.2 trillion cubic feet of proven recoverable gas reserves in the ground by \$15 billion.

It is not surprising, then, that the natural gas industry has launched a powerful, well-financed campaign to cut the FPC, and its regulatory powers, down to size, or, failing that, to persuade Congress it must

Mel Wax is an urban affairs writer for the San Francisco Chronicle.

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pass legislation to nullify the Phillips decision.

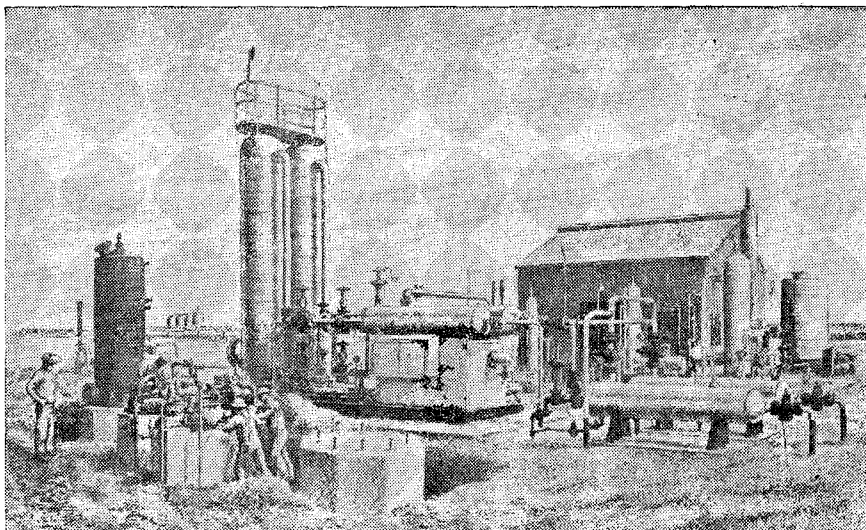
President Johnson is from a gas-and-oil state; as a Senator he led the fight to prevent reappointment of consumer champion Leland Olds to the FPC, and he supported the depletion allowance crusade. The utilities are therefore cautiously optimistic, but it is an optimism tempered somewhat by the reality of a liberal, anti-monopoly Congress, plus a well-organized opposition to any new attacks on the FPC.

So far, the President has carefully avoided tipping his hand. When the term of Charles R. Ross, a consumer-minded commissioner from Vermont, expired last June, Johnson continued him on a day-to-day basis, then officially reappointed him on March 20. At the same time, he replaced the late Harold C. Woodward, an Illinois Republican friend of Senate Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen, and of the utilities, with Carl E. Bagge, general counsel of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, and a member of the same camp. Thus, the 3-2 FPC margin favoring consumers was unchanged, and presumably will remain unchanged until Johnson faces the Swidler decision in June. The other FPC commissioners are David S. Black, who usually votes the consumer line, and Lawrence J. O'Connor, a former oil industry executive and member of the utility team.

Meanwhile, utilities and consumers prepare for the struggle that must come soon, whether Swidler wins reappointment or not. Utility strategy is clear. The Independent Petroleum Association of America (IPAA) has kicked off a giant "informational" campaign, intended to prod Congress into taking favorable action on new legislation that would nullify the Phillips decision, and to persuade consumers that utilities are really working on their side in seeking to be freed of the shackles of price regulation.

Legislation that would reverse the court's decision was introduced in the 89th Congress under the bipartisan auspices of Representatives Bruce Alger (R., Tex.) and John B. Williams (D., Miss.). What a *Washington Post* editorial writer described as "the wellhead warriors" have unveiled a three-point plan:

- (1) Expose the "absurd methods" employed by the FPC to regulate



producer prices of natural gas;

- (2) Encourage Congressional investigations into FPC procedures;

- (3) Invite "all industry organizations into the campaign against present regulation of natural gas."

The IPAA argues that the FPC, which failed to carry out the Supreme Court's mandate during the Eisenhower years, when utilities held a clear 4-1 majority on the commission, still has not determined a fair and legal way to fix prices. There is considerable justification for this contention. It was not until 1961, under Kennedy, that the FPC made any real effort to enforce the Court's ruling. Now, after lengthy hearings, it has finally received an examiner's recommendation in a key case involving area pricing at Texas' Permian Basin gas fields. The commission will make its ruling, and thereby set the standard, before Swidler's term expires in June.

Meanwhile, the FPC, imposing temporary controls, has since 1961 managed to hold the line on what had been a high-soaring price race, and meanwhile the companies have protested the restrictions. Said the authoritative *Oil and Gas Journal*:

In ten years of experimenting, FPC has not yet come close to finding a legal and practical method of determining "just and reasonable" prices for gas at the wellhead.

While admitting this, FPC points with pride to the fact that the rapid raise of gas prices which so alarmed consumers in the early 1950s has leveled off. There is much evidence to show that this is due to natural economic and competitive forces, rather than to the FPC.

Even if FPC is given credit, it is

appropriate to ask whether this is worth what it is costing in the disruption of the industry and the growth of bureaucracy. There could be some things worse for this nation than a little increase in the price of gas.

The editorial reminds one of the uncontroverted statement by J. Paul Getty, whose great wealth was created through oil and gas depletion allowances: "Remember," said Getty, "a billion dollars isn't worth what it used to be."

When the FPC sent the gas companies a questionnaire designed to help determine what a fair price at the wellhead would be, and to permit the natural gas companies to express their views, the slick public relations firm of Carl Byoir & Associates, Inc., launched a campaign for its client, Panhandle Eastern Pipeline Co. Soon the nation's business pages carried a picture of a pretty girl valiantly trying to support some 10 pounds of questionnaire forms. "Power industry spokesmen," read the caption, "say the questionnaire is a burden to business and that it will cost each company from \$85,000 to \$250,000 to fill in the answers."

Iowa Republican H. R. Gross rose in the House to demand that a rider be attached to the FPC appropriations bill, to prevent the commission from sending out cost questionnaires. FPC officials replied that they are charged by law with determining facts first, before trying to carry out their assignment of regulating prices. "We would really be subject to criticism if we tried to suck these figures out of our thumbs," said an FPC staffer.

IPAA general counsel Dan Jones

The NATION

wrote to members of Congress, saying: "The ten-year experiment by the FPC has involved a tremendous waste of public funds, unnecessary costs to the industry, and higher prices to the consumers of natural gas. We believe this situation warrants investigation by the Congress. . . ." At the same time, IPAA's public relations staff in Tulsa produced a pamphlet, "Regulating the Gas Producer—10 Years of Trial and Error," designed to convince consumers that they and the companies are on the same side.

In New Orleans last spring, a utility lobbyist urged his colleagues to campaign for repeal of federal regulation of natural gas "in terms even the dumbest Congressman can understand. . . ." This campaign apparently succeeded. Thirty-six Congressmen issued a manifesto demanding that the FPC's authority to regulate natural gas prices for producers be curtailed.

For seven years after the Phillips decision in 1954, the Eisenhower FPC, under Chairman Jerome K. Kuykendall, did nothing about regulating prices. In that time, scores of applications were received for producer price increases, and these automatically became effective, under bond, when the FPC failed to hold hearings. Even if the utilities have to rebate the excess charges, after hearings are ultimately held, it is a splendid way to get the use of millions in interest-free money.

In 1947, the average cost of natural gas at the wellhead was 5c per mcf. By 1953, just prior to the Phillips Petroleum decision, the price was 9.1c per mcf. In 1961, when Swidler's commission began enforcing the law, prices at the wellhead, which account for about half what the consumer must pay, skyrocketed to 16.3c per mcf.

Then the FPC began to hold long-delayed hearings on rate applications, and gas producers were ordered to refund \$600 million in excess charges. The biggest single case involved the El Paso Natural Gas Company, which was told in late 1962 to return \$79 million to customers in California, New Mexico and Arizona.

The David who slew that Goliath was William M. Bennett, a tough Irishman in his mid-40's, who later became chief counsel for the California Public Utilities Commission

and now is president of the commission. Bennett was then a young deputy attorney general, working for Attorney General Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, now California's governor. Bennett convinced Brown that California should intervene in the El Paso case. Brown, in turn, asked Republican Gov. Goodwin J. Knight for a \$30,000 advance to employ extra attorneys and accountants to fight the case. Knight refused. Undaunted, Brown and Bennett took their plea to the legislature and got their money. Bennett argued the case, and won.

Bennett has recently become chairman of the Washington-based National Committee for Fair Gas Prices, which will represent consumer interests in the coming fight with the natural gas producers. Unofficially, the United States Conference of Mayors, the American Municipal Association, and the AFL-CIO are backing the committee. Much of the bank roll is expected to come from the AFL-CIO.

California's Public Utilities Commission, under Governor Brown and Chairman Bennett, has been a consumer-minded, front-running agency, along with those of Wisconsin and New York. Regulatory bodies in New Jersey, Nevada, North Dakota, Washington and Rhode Island are represented on the new committee. Two oil states, Colorado and Wyoming, declined to join. Texas wasn't even invited.

California has, by far, the biggest stake in the battle. Ninety per cent of all California homes are heated by natural gas, and California industry depends on it as a fuel. In 1962, the latest year for which accurate figures are available, the state consumed 745 billion cubic feet, nearly three-quarters of it coming from out of state, at a cost of \$266,850,000. That is more than 10 per cent of all natural gas moving in interstate commerce in the United States. No wonder Bennett and Brown are concerned about gas prices.

Bennett hopes that the Governor will be able to help him arrange a meeting with Johnson, soon, to impress on the President the importance of the problem. Objectives of his National Committee for Fair Gas Prices include keeping the FPC consumer oriented, making consumers aware of the stakes, and discouraging Congress from amend-

ing the Natural Gas Act with respect to the Phillips decision.

The first positive steps toward determining how to fix prices were taken in 1960, when the FPC suggested setting prices on an area basis for each of the twenty-three gas-producing areas in the United States. Previously, the FPC had considered price regulation on an individual cost-of-service basis, the pattern normally followed for other utilities. Some producers welcomed the new approach, but when the Kennedy commission took over they changed their minds. Clearly, Swidler and his colleagues intended to be just as rough with area pricing as with a cost-of-service approach.

The FPC launched four extensive area investigations. FPC examiner Seymour Wenner issued the Permian Basin area report in September, recommending an area price of 16.5c per mcf, which is about where the price was in 1961. Producers still favor no regulation, but they would be willing to settle for 20c as an area price. The FPC is studying the examiner's report.

Bennett, incidentally, believes the pricing problem can be solved on an individual basis, by fixing well-head prices for big producers. "Since so few companies control such a large share of the supply, if you regulate their prices, the others will fall in line."

Actually, there are some 30,000 independent natural gas companies and 5,000 members of the IPAA. But the ten largest sell 44 per cent of the natural gas, and the 100 largest account for 91.7 per cent. "Without control," said Swidler, "the principal competition between producers would be in a race to see which company could be the first to set new price peaks."

Twice in the past gas lobbyists have persuaded Congress to exempt them from FPC regulation by legislative fiat. The first time, in 1950, Harry Truman slapped them down with a veto. The second time, in 1956, Dwight Eisenhower was ready to sign the bill when it was disclosed that an oil lobbyist had offered a \$2,500 bribe to the late Senator Francis Case (R., S.D.). He also vetoed. Now the well-hued gas lobbyists are trying again. If they can't control the FPC by naming a replacement for Swidler, they will continue working on Congress, and on the President from Texas.

Another Visit to the Undertaker . . . David Cort

No doubt the public learned much of the ways of funeral directors from Jessica Mitford's *The American Way of Death* (Simon & Schuster) in 1963. However, the book did not reach the nonreading poor and lower middle class, whose members are the prime game of undertakers. Nor could it change the funeral procedures of the prominent, who are obliged to give the community the benefit of their obsequies. And in between, even the educated middle class still remains very largely paralyzed by the social reluctance to say to one another: we are going to die; what do we do about it?

Miss Mitford, without exactly saying so, conveyed the impression that she was a pioneer in the field. Of course undertakers have been criticized since Mark Twain, and before. The classic subsidized study was John C. Gebhart's *Funeral Costs* (Putnam, 1928). And the up-to-date lines of Miss Mitford's research had been laid down four years before her book appeared in *The American Funeral* by LeRoy Bowman (Public Affairs Press).

The connection between the two books is important for several reasons. For one, the funeral directors threatened to sue Bowman. He answered: Sue me; I have much more damaging material to bring into court, if you want to make an issue. The suit was forgotten. Thus the Mitford book was almost suit-proof, for the publishers could have countered that the essential facts had been in the public domain for four years. (Mitford's bibliography is much less complete than Bowman's "References," but she does include Bowman rather shyly. She also gives a widely generous "Acknowledgments," but somehow there is no Bowman in it.)

The Bowman book, now in paperback with the touchingly belated subtitle, *A Way of Death*, is worth noticing. It is primarily, if somewhat scholastically, concerned with death and the funeral, and how people feel about these shaking events. The funeral director is treated as a secondary and irritating (and worse) intruder on the

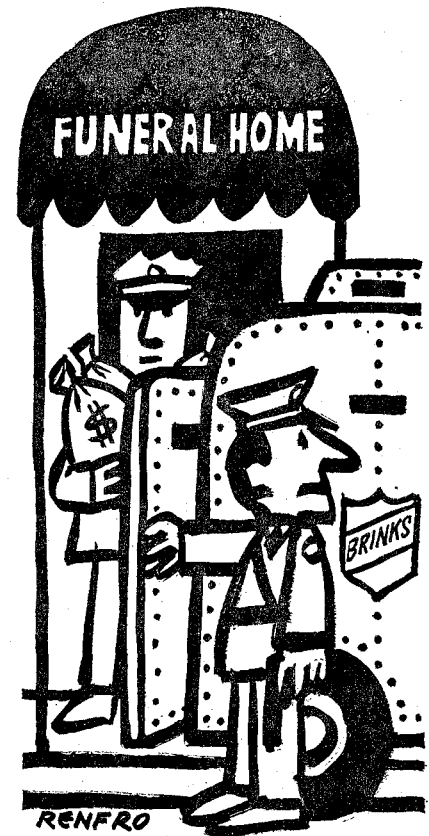
community's basic and essential attempt to handle its emotions. It is not a mass-sale book and not, in view of its volatile subject, entirely successful. Miss Mitford takes Bowman's concerns for granted and sets out more journalistically and profitably, just to cut down the funeral director. Death, in spite of her title, is not her business.

Thus, her funeral director is inevitably a cliché. Bowman's average undertaker is a much more believable American, wistful, lonely, prim, expressly sanctimonious, hovering over tragedy and saying the wrong words, a joiner of anything, feeling the vague dislike, feeling the morbid cloud that goes with him. He and his family are proper figures for American tragedy.

His sin, according to Bowman as distinct from Mitford, is less his financial greed than his focusing the funeral rites on the body of the deceased for four or five days. Since the body is putrefying, its star role in the proceedings naturally requires the undertaker's expensive ministrations. The expense is a necessary consequence of the focus. It is the focus that is the heart of the matter. Bowman keeps his bitter stories about the undertaker's practices to a minimum, and tries to understand the burial profession's point of view.

Thus, in the frame of the welfare state, an undertaker sent out three bills for a single funeral: one to the family for \$362; one to the Department of Welfare for \$202; and a third to the Social Security Agency for \$363. Since the undertakers make skilled, long-faced holiday among the agencies, one looks to government. But the state boards controlling undertakers are largely staffed by undertakers.

Thus, one ought not to expect too much from a recent story that the New York Attorney General "would recommend stricter laws to control some industry practices." His investigators had discovered that if the wholesale cost of the coffin was \$60, the package price of the funeral was \$600; if \$70, it was \$750, and so on. They also noted that the bill usually came "amazingly close" to the value of the dead man's insurance. But after



the alarums are over, the funeral industry will be heard in camera, where it counts.

The foregoing two paragraphs, in the Mitford manner, sound like effective propaganda against the industry, but historically this attack has never succeeded. For it takes no account of death. The effective opposition, of such as Bowman, maintains that the profound emotions attendant on death are due not to the cadaver but to the memory of the once-living person, his works and significance. They propose a return to the older tradition of getting the body out of sight and honoring the dead's place in the community. At such a time, grim jokes about undertakers count for little. Dr. Bowman proposes a number of memorial gatherings, for the church, for business or fraternal associates, and for the family and close friends.

In the present way, it is simply impracticable to try to eliminate the funeral director. He files the death certificate and gets the burial permit and transports the body. His foothold in the funeral

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David Cort is a frequent contributor. His latest book is *Social Astonishments* (Macmillan).

rite is largely certified by statute, won by his remarkable influence with state legislatures. The individual's best defense is our old friend, collective bargaining, *before the event*.

That is the function of the memorial society; it does the bargaining. The first church society was started in 1938 by a Unitarian church in Seattle; the second by a Unitarian church in Cleveland; the third by the Unitarian Community Church in New York. The movement has now become non-denominational.

There are today at least 100 memorial societies in the United States and Canada. Their names can be had from the Continental Association of Funeral and Memorial Societies, 59 East Van Buren Street, Chicago 5, or in *A Manual for Simple Burial* (Celo Press, Burnsville, N.C., \$1). Membership in any one of them has the advantage of effective membership in all. The burst of organization began in 1960, but the average membership is still small. The typical family membership fee is \$10, and the minimum cost of a funeral runs from \$20 to \$400 (in Westport, Conn.). This generally entails immediate cremation. It is important to note that the individual can arrange absolutely any kind of funeral he wants, even to full panoply, but he must certify his wishes in three copies before death.

Many other organizations, such as unions and fraternal orders, bargain collectively with funeral directors for their membership. Some farm groups quietly bury their own dead, without the aid of funeral directors.

The great need now, the only real hope, lies in a systematic expansion of the memorial societies. Dr. Bowman is helping five to organize, and is working on the federation of twelve to fifteen in the New York area. These include Community Funeral Society and the Brooklyn, St. Michael's, Long Island (Port Washington) and Westchester (Chappaqua) Memorial Societies. The Brooklyn society embraces five churches and a synagogue. Each has contracts with from two to seven undertakers. The point of federation is simply to increase the members' collective-bargaining leverage, and to give the individual a wider choice of facilities.

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Anyone mailing in the \$10 fee receives sets of forms for each member of his family. On these he specifies what sort of funeral he wants, and what disposal is to be made of his body. One copy is held by the memorial society, one by himself, and one by his family. Legally, as well as morally, the funeral must be as directed (the signed form is a special sort of will). It will also, but incidentally, be at minimal cost to the survivors. The great advantage enjoyed by the undertaker has always been that he alone thought intelligently about death beforehand. One can deprive him of this advantage by doing the same.

There is slowly growing an impulse to leave one's body to a medical school and one's eyes to an eye bank. (Schools and eye banks are listed in *A Manual for Simple Burial*.) Medical schools badly need bodies for the teaching of anatomy. As against an annual demand for 7,000 bodies, the supply has dropped to around 4,000.

Fewer bodies are now left unclaimed in the morgues, for the good reason that death benefits from social security, welfare, veterans, etc., make it foolish not to claim a body. Shortages are particularly severe in Georgia, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, West Virginia and Puerto Rico. Delivery of a body to a school costs about \$25. Many schools will call for a body at considerable distances.

One in ten blind people can be given sight by transplanted corneas. The operation is now generally known, but eyes are not available. Bequeathal must be arranged with the eye bank before death, and the eyes must be removed within two to six hours after death.

No one need be reproached for refusing these post-mortem benefactions, whatever the need. They will probably always be reserved to the selfless who want to feel that they will still be a little useful even after death.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

The standard N.E.T. talk show can be brought in for next to nothing as well. But I was trying to show that N.E.T. was spending as much as commercial networks for many of its worst lemons—and Kobin knows that was my point.

(6) William Kobin successfully dodged me for eight weeks. When he made an appointment, I was writing against a deadline. Who ducked who? I wonder how anybody can justify the kind of lack of availability which all interested parties showed me while I was covering this assignment. The Ford Foundation representative, James Armsey, said he would not speak to me. Mr. Kobin was always out when I called. Jack White's PR man said that I should forget everything he told me. If there are errors in my piece, why doesn't Mr. Kobin produce them? *Richard Elman*

Dogmatism and color

Montrose, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The article by Robert G. Sherrill, "New Curricula for Bigotry" [*The Nation*, Mar. 29] was a most enlightening piece of responsible journalism. . . . Having known of Bob Jones University through some former friends, I can certainly acknowledge that the facts as presented by Sherrill,

are true. But I think the significance of the Sherrill article is that he exposes the real problem of the South today: that people like the Joneses actually believe that they are doing those things that God Himself has ordained to be. Therefore it appears to me that the problem of the South with regard to color will remain as long as the last vestige of a rigid, narrow, literal, unbending, parochial, dogmatic, fundamentalism exists. . . .

George S. Mitrovich
Associate Minister for Youth
La Crescenta Valley
Methodist Church

Mission to the Indian

Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Sirs: Robert G. Sherrill's article on Bob Jones's bigotry is priceless. I fear that it may be too erudite . . . for any graduate of the university to understand. However, there is a mission here in Vancouver, staffed with Bob Jones's alumni, which has been "called up to save" the North American Indian along the West Coast. I am sending this article along to those missionaries in the hope that—dictionary in one hand, and Bible in the other—they may come to interpret the facts of Mr. Sherrill to their own dislike.

D. J. Pirrie

Divinity's Iron Maiden

SIMONE WEIL: *A Fellowship in Love*.

By Jacques Caboud. Channel Press.
392 pp. \$5.95.

Paul West

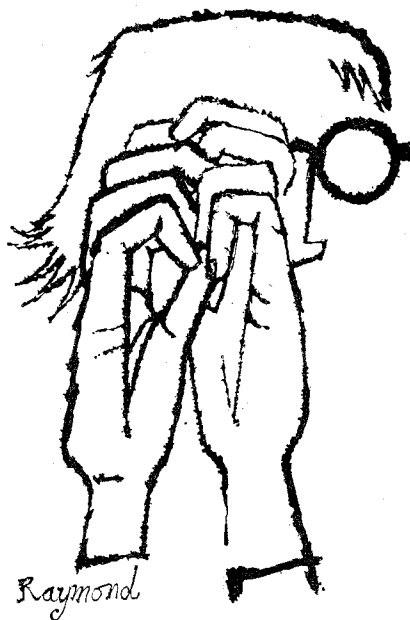
Dogs bark at cripples and ghosts and in some ways Simone Weil was both. Not content with the pain she had from recurrent migraines, she sought out for herself starvation and heavy manual labor (both industrial and agricultural); she prayed for extra pain and even to become a total paralytic. One of the least earthly of women, she increasingly fixed her attention—that sapping, inductive, inventive field of force—on God and death, managing to experience epiphanies (“Christ came down, and He took me”) and even to make death do her bidding in the Ashford Sanatorium in Kent in 1944.

Such an odd combination of masochism and *affabulation* (fantasticating a mystical experience) is bound to provoke even in the most open minded a few harsh misgivings about frustrated spinsters, algolagnia and hatred of the flesh. And it is possible to read Simone Weil’s account of Christ in person (“Sometimes we stretched out on the floor of the *mansarde* and the softness of the sun came down upon me”) in almost the same way as we would one of Moravia’s studies in adolescent eroticism. Irreverent as it may be to say it, she had a crush on Jesus. Yet, of course, as Gustave Thibon and others noted, she winced away from physical embrace—at least until the day she forced herself to declare, with rather dotty braggadocio, “I like being kissed by men with moustaches. It stings!” Remove the sting and the kiss is nothing for Simone Weil. After she had told friends about actually being kissed by a coal trimmer in Barcelona, she burst into tears when one of them asked if the man was drunk. This tireless intelligence, who beat Simone de Beauvoir into second place in the Ecole Normale entrance examination, belonged to her own version of the

Paul West, English novelist and critic, is a visiting professor at Pennsylvania State. His books include *Byron and the Spoiler’s Art* (St Martin’s Press), *The Modern Novel and a memoir*, *I, Said the Sparrow* (Hutchinson).

human condition. Frustrated, ill at ease as a woman and disconsolate at being human, she was reassured only by extra suffering and convinced only by what she thought God had told her. It is no wonder she became a kind of amateur saint and a successful suicide.

Yet, as Mr. Cabaud reveals—packing a fund of information and quotation into his chronological framework—Simone Weil in many ways was one of the most admirable, fascinating bluestockings who has lived. He does especially well by her commitments—those relentless and sometimes hectically inept self-expenditures—and, what is long overdue and in the case of a self-crippling ghost es-



sential, her personality and the minutiae of her behavior. He gives us the Red Virgin, as her fellow students called her, in the raw. Or, to put it more respectfully, the naked quirks of (another nickname) the Categorical Imperative in Skirts.

Here we have again Simone Weil the deliberate. What else can we do, however uneasy or inferior we feel, but admire her passionate, sometimes maladroit devotion to the working class, her intense and unsectarian religious zeal, her capacity for self-denial, her attempt to convert pain into something wholly fruitful, her brilliant disruptive mind and pains-

takingly trenchant prose, her audacity in teaching the young, her almost peasant simplicity in aphorism, her refusal to defer to evil wherever she found it, her will, her guts, her crabbed truthfulness? We admire, but with a hunch that much of it amounts to a frenetic displacement of womanhood. Something crackpot emerges alongside what is her evident genius and her almost pernicious goodness. I find myself reading her essays, commentaries and jottings (from all of which Mr. Cabaud quotes generously) and having to reassure myself that such utterances as “To the degree to which affliction is hideous, so is its true expression supremely beautiful” and “Father, in the name of Christ, grant me this: That I may be like a total paralytic” did actually come from a human being. It was just like her to extol pain and desiderate a living death. Like most thinkers of her type, she was determined to make life somehow make sense even if she had to claim black is white and, through a method which depended upon paradox, reap constant harvest from what is barren.

Not that we don’t respect the person—whether writer, say, or doctor—who uses himself as raw material. But Simone Weil, ostensibly on the side of life to the extent of justifying all of it, was really on the side of death; and her achievement, such as it is, implies the abandonment of the last, inalienable human privilege: the privilege of saying, “I loathe such and such a part of being human—say the small child with cancer of the clitoris, the child born deformed, the ugly and hardly quellable agony in which many people die, the obvious lack of divine justice—and I will not, much as it might be comfortable to be able to do it, involve myself in schoolmen’s casuistries just to praise a pattern I did not invent.” Camus, in *The Plague*, has stated that point of view for all of us.

At root, it seems to me, someone who falls over backwards to justify the ways of God to man (as Simone Weil did) is doing something personal and private and romantic which is meaningless to the rest of us who go on impotently refusing to condone. All told, she was more concerned with perfecting God’s geometry than with confronting the human lot. A determined enough mind, like hers, can

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eventually prove that a child's laughter is a piece of evil and that, because pain is *not* always bad and degrading and impersonal, we should all be lining up for our ration of cancer or arthritis. Some English public-school boys, after forced habituation to sodomy, can take to nothing else. And it is in this sense that, doglike (cynically), I find something monstrous in Simone Weil, something that doesn't respect an ordinary human joy.

So then, not looking for warts or wens but to make her seem less of a right-minded monster, I fastened avidly on the details of her womanhood. Mr. Cabaud's patient, authoritative and impartial biography supplies a vivid picture, keeping this girl-saint down to earth and revealing in fact what a nuisance and an unstreamlined, amusing busybody she could be. The photographs mutely record the decline from her second year, when she was chubby-checked, with curly black hair the color of her almond-shaped eyes — a pensive, cute doll — to 34, when she starved herself to death in order to share the sufferings of the French. Her face in 1936 (at 27) is handsome, firm, full-mouthed and rather appealing; and in the uniform of Confederación Nacional del Trabajo she looks like an Arab youth dressed up for a baggy-trousered prank. But five years later she has an expression of intent vacuity. She has become the headmistress type, owl-eyed through excessive perusal, her expression an odd blend of hennish timidity and impatient pity. And there is a general look of—well, dryness. A sad little gallery of pictures indeed.

Mr. Cabaud has sought out and questioned those who knew her, and they have remembered well. Astute and tomboyish, she chain-smoked and even rolled her own cigarettes. Because she did this carelessly she often had shreds of tobacco in her mouth. She wore large horn-rimmed spectacles for myopia, walked awkwardly in a forward lean, preferred clothes of masculine cut and low-heeled shoes. She "had a sharp, restless glance" and spoke in a staccato monotone, aspirating almost all her *h*'s. She played women's rugby and would return from the fray covered with mud and bruises; and it was on her return from a game in 1930 that she had by far the worst attack, up to then, of her migraines (later attributed to sinusitis). But she pressed on, studying

with "Alain" (Emile Chartier) at the Ecole Normale and thriving on a certain amount of notoriety.

Among Mr. Cabaud's action shots these are the best: Simone Weil picking plums in the country and getting stranded on a high wall; hiding herself and her cigarette behind a Russian newspaper at staff meetings in school; on paydays at the Renault works treating herself to a package of cigarettes and some stewed fruit; digging potatoes for ten hours a day; insisting on carrying bundles of thistles in the wheat fields; helping (?) Marcel Lecarpentier on his 30-foot, 8-ton fishing boat; exclaiming over the photo of some brawny tough, "That's my kind of man!"; giving away so much of her schoolteacher's salary that she went a whole winter without heat; burning herself while welding; asking a peasant if she might drive his plough and at once overturning it; scalding herself with oil while cooking for the CNT in Spain; aiming her rifle at an airplane that dropped a small bomb; neglecting to wash hands before milking cows; refusing a cream cheese because Indo-Chinese children were starving; actually becoming a member of a *résistance* group which was a German trap; and, later, on her way to New York by way of Morocco, handing Gustave Thibon her notebooks on the station platform in Marseilles with a kind of absent-minded abruptness; thanking Father Perrin, her spiritual mentor, for never humiliating her; wandering in Harlem and attending a Baptist church there every Sunday ("I'm the only white person in the church"); studying folklore and quantum theory at the New York Public Library; asking Simone Deitz, who acceded, "Would you like to be my friend?"

We badly needed these glimpses of the indefatigably groping spirit who said "Pain and peril are indispensable to my mental make-up." Her life, as Mr. Cabaud says, was a series of phases colored by successive friendships. But, of course, God alone was the constant inimical friend of the woman who saw herself, with more than a little willful melodrama, as "a misshapen piece which God cut out so badly."

She returns to Europe, playing volleyball on the way over and even dressing up on one occasion as a ghost. Finally she discovers a haven, during the thick of the air raids, at 31 Portland Road, London, and lives on black coffee, coughs all the time,

refuses to look after herself or be looked after, strews papers all over her room, commends the good humor of the British, the pubs, the police system, wanders regularly into Hyde Park and even elects to sleep out in the rain in the grounds of a convent. She tries to learn to drive; she deliberately upsets herself and Simone Deitz from their boat into the Serpentine. She sets herself a Benjamin Franklin-Jay Gatsby type of regimen: "avoid all loss of time . . . sleep on the floor or on a table in order to limit the hours of sleep to four or five. . . ." Desperately eager to be parachuted into France, she occupies herself with the English metaphysical poets, her work for the Free French Ministry of the Interior, and the composition of *The Need for Roots*. At last, too weak to lift a fork, and refusing a pneumothorax as well as deciding against baptism, she is moved from the Middlesex Hospital to Ashford. The death certificate said "Cardiac failure due to myocardial degeneration of the heart muscles due to starvation and pulmonary tuberculosis. The deceased did kill and slay herself by refusing to eat whilst the balance of her mind was disturbed." Perhaps, though, her mind's disturbance balanced for the first time. The certificate of burial reads, "Conducted own service—Catholic—French Refugee—Depth: 6 feet."

What we make of her—this Jewess, born a stoic and raised an agnostic, who gravitated to the godhead by using her magnificent brain to construct what George Herbert in her favorite stanza calls "a full consent"—depends on how far skepticism erodes our tolerance of experiences so private they cannot be appraised at all. Whereas the "system" of Teilhard de Chardin seems an inane wish-fulfillment garbed as optimism, Simone Weil's embraces the whole pain of being—not just of bureaucracy (it "always betrays"), of war (never a means of liberation), humiliation (the worker enslaved to a mass-producing machine) and force ("it makes a man a thing"), but of man's total biological, chemical and metaphysical state. She seems a Cleopatra, hugging the asp. Her best books (*Gravity and Grace*, *Waiting for God*, *The Need for Roots*) constantly shock us with their sustained, oblique obviousness. "The existence," she writes, "of a Thomistic current in contemporary Christianity makes a bond of complicity—among many others, un-

fortunately—between the Nazis and their adversaries.” Or, “The desire for gold is not made of gold, whereas the desire for good is itself a good.” Or this: “If a man were alone in the universe he would possess no rights at all, but he would have obligations.” She always believed the resolute simpleton could match the genius, truth for truth, and there is plenty of evidence that she found her own very French, very Jewish intellect something of an embarrassment and even a torture. Her few poems are bad, her play *Venise Sauvée* is fustian, and much of her voluminous journalism (listed in Mr. Cabaud’s excellent bibliography) has not worn well.

It was Trotsky who contemptuously alluded to her “new cause — the defence of her personality against society,” and it is true that she always maintained a barrier between herself and friendship, just as she maintained one between herself and the Church.

She could not always be reached. She was too busy reconciling poles expressed in these two statements:

We wish to uphold not the collectivity but the individual as the supreme value.

[We] owe our respect to a collectivity, of whatever kind — country, family or any other—not for itself, but because it is food for a certain number of human souls.

And when she was not doing that she was pursuing her own *ascesis*, asking to become as defective “as an old man in his dotage” and, like Samuel Beckett, linking up with “the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.” When she died, “Alain” would not believe it. “It’s not true,” he said, “surely she will come back!” Simone Weil herself said: “If there is something in afterlife, I shall come back. If I don’t come back, it will mean that there is nothing.” Which, really, is the endgame to beat all.

The Faith and the Facts of Life

William Hamilton

There are several Protestant theologies loose in American intellectual life. The one that is to the fore in the much publicized ecumenical movement, and that is decisive in the Protestant-Catholic dialogue, is a more or less ossified version of the theology of Karl Barth. Whenever Protestants talk about art or psychoanalysis or literature, it is a good guess that the massive work of Paul Tillich is informing their discussion. When the knotty problems of American arrogance, or the contest between ideological and pragmatic foreign policy is being debated, the work of Reinhold Niebuhr is in the immediate background.

But a strong case can be made that the most decisive theological influence on the younger generation of Protestants today is Dietrich Bonhoeffer, whose important work, *Ethics*, has just been issued in a new edition by Macmillan, and who was martyred by the Gestapo just twenty years ago this April 9.

“Martyred” may beg some questions.

William Hamilton is professor of theology at Colgate Rochester Divinity School, Rochester, N.Y., and is the author of a number of books and articles in the area of contemporary theology and culture.

Do Protestants have martyrs? Can they have them? What is a martyr? The word was used fairly often about the late Dag Hammarskjöld, not at the time of his death but on the occasion of the publication of *Markings*. Does a martyr have to die in the presence of God to become a martyr? Socrates and Joan of Arc were martyrs, but Jesus, somehow, was not. Why?

Bonhoeffer was a martyr, I think, not only because he died making a very sophisticated theological protest against Nazi tyranny but because he met that other condition we seem to require of martyrdom: he let us know what it is like when one gets ready to die. A martyr is not just a religious man who dies for a cause. He is a man — I should say he could be religious or nonreligious—who dies for others, and who has had the occasion to communicate somehow the experience of preparing for death. The German resistance movement produced many authentic martyrs in this sense, but no one of them is a contemporary intellectual influence in the way that Bonhoeffer is. He died at the age of 39, after about two years of imprisonment, just several days before his prison camp was liberated by the Allies, and less than a month before

the conclusion of the war in Europe.

Why have the fragmentary works of this young German theologian been like a sort of delayed bomb in America and come into their own so recently? Bonhoeffer is not, it should be noted, an important or influential figure in West Germany or Switzerland at all, the traditional intellectual centers of Protestant theology. (He is important in East Germany and in Czechoslovakia, but not perhaps for the reasons we value him here.) In this country he is communicating to many young Protestants today because his are perhaps the only theological words written in the recent past that can help us understand the new era into which we are moving.

What is this new era? It is not the world of the ecumenical movement, nor of dialogue with art, nor psychoanalysis, nor of the politics of sin. It is the world of the radically accelerating pace of secularization, of the increasing unimportance and powerlessness of religion, of the end of special privilege for religious men and religious institutions. It is the world of the new forms of technology, of the mass media, of great danger and great experiment — what Kenneth Boulding calls the post-civilized world.

Bonhoeffer is teaching a few Protestants what it means to say “yes” to the 20th century and still somehow to stay recognizably Protestant. A look at a few of his seminal ideas will make this clear. The significant works are the *Ethics*, already mentioned, and, most important of all, *Letters and Papers from Prison* (Macmillan). This little book is almost certainly in the process of doing for the 60s and 70s something like what Reinhold Niebuhr’s *The Nature and Destiny of Man* did for the 40s and 50s. Three central ideas from this book are in the process of becoming part of the general intellectual equipment of a good many younger observers of the American scene, both those with and those without an interest in what is usually called theology.

First, from the prison letters, there is the affirmation of the coming of age of the world. This is related to the rather silly debate about whether or not we are living in a post-Christian world, but it is not the same thing. Bonhoeffer’s conviction that the world had moved out of its adolescence and reached an adult phase, implied a new interpretation of the intellectual history of the West since the 13th century, and demanded a full, not ungrudging, affirmative at-

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titude to the secularizing process which began at that time. Christians have ordinarily, he writes in the letter of June 8, 1944, read this story of secularization as tragic or at least as unhappy, and have tried to find some way of urging the worldly West to return to its religious foundations, or to appropriate the wisdom of the East as a guide, or to search for some new theonomy. In any case, Christians have almost always been offended by the self-assurance of the Western secular man.

Christian apologetic has taken the most varying forms of opposition to this self-assurance. Efforts are made to prove to a world thus come of age that it cannot live without the tutelage of "God." Even though there has been surrender on all secular problems, there still remain the so-called ultimate questions—death, guilt—on which only "God" can furnish an answer, and which are the reason why God and the Church and the pastor are needed.

Bonhoeffer insists that this traditional Christian uneasiness in the presence of confidence, assurance and independence in man, is wrong. God is not a working hypothesis; we must learn to live without Him, as if he were not there.

So our coming of age forces us to a true recognition of our situation vis-à-vis God. God is teaching us that we must live as men who can get along very well without him. The God who is with us is the God who forsakes us (Mark 15:34). The God who makes us live in this world without using him as a working hypothesis is the God before whom we are ever standing. Before God and with him we live without God. God allows himself to be edged out of the world and onto the cross. God is weak and powerless in the world, and that is exactly the way, the only way, in which he can be with us and help us. (Letter of July 16, 1944.)

It is fairly clear how the meaning of these passages can be put to work in our day. This is, first of all, a fairly untypical Christian reading of modern intellectual history. The movement toward secularism, autonomy, away from God, is approved not so secularists will applaud, but for theological reasons: i.e., dependence and need are not proper descriptions of man's relationship to God. Bonhoeffer invites us to accept the world without God as given and unalterable. If there is to be a God for the modern world, He will not be found

by renouncing the world that can do without Him.

There is also, in Bonhoeffer's vision of the world come of age, a rejection of religion as salvation either by transmitting the individual to some protected religious realm, or even as protection from something that, without religion, a man might fall into, like despair or self-righteousness. Put more clearly, Bonhoeffer states that in the world come of age, we can no longer be religious, if you define religion as that system that treats God or the gods as need fulfillers and problem solvers.

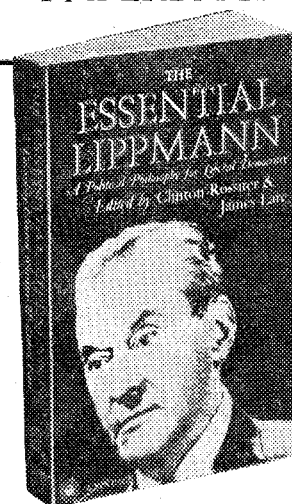
There are thus no places in the self or the world, Protestants who listen to Bonhoeffer go on to say, where problems emerge that only God can solve. There are problems and needs, to be sure, but the world itself is the source of the solutions, not God. God must not be asked to do what the world is fully capable of doing: offer forgiveness, overcome loneliness, provide a way out of despair, break pride, assuage the fear of death. These are worldly problems for those who live in this world, and the world itself can provide the structures to meet them.

Familiar intellectual worlds are being rejected by Bonhoeffer and by those who are using him as their navigation chart today—Protestant theologies of correlation, for example, where worldly forms of art and knowledge are used to illustrate the incompleteness or brokenness of the world without God. It need hardly be added that the vulgar world of the problem-solving preacher, the pro-God subway ad, and slick, vulgar world of the clever radio commercial for God, are being set aside as well.

Technically, what Bonhoeffer is saying is that in the modern world that can do without God, the idea of the innate religiousness of man, the religious a priori, must be rejected. Augustine has sung lyrically and soothingly to many: "restless is our heart until it comes to rest in Thee." Our response today is, maybe some hearts are, and maybe some are not.

The second idea which marks Bonhoeffer's influence and importance is his plea for a nonreligious or religionless Christianity. Because the world is grown up, and has moved out of its dependency situation, the God of religion, solving otherwise insoluble problems, meeting otherwise unmettable needs, is impossible and unnecessary. Thus man cannot be said to

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need God at all; God is not necessary to man. With this affirmation, the substance of whole libraries of Protestant preaching, evangelism, apologetics and Christian education, seems a little thin. If man does not need God; if he is not necessary to our lives, how can there be a God for us? Doesn't this lead to a fatal blurring of the line between belief and unbelief? Is it really possible to pull off, without sophistry or deceit, a definition of the Christian as the godless man?

There are some Protestants who are definitely moving in this direction, taking seriously our time as the time of the death of God whose full advent Nietzsche's madman predicted. Others stop short and claim that we may be able to distinguish between using God and enjoying him, between *uti* and *frui*. Thus, we need to seek out the ways in which the unneeded and unnecessary God may be enjoyed.

The plea for a religionless Christianity is thus a plea to give up all claims for the necessity of religion generally. Christianity — as would be true of any religion and any irreligion — is not necessary. It is merely one of the possibilities available to man in a competitive and pluralistic spiritual situation today. Christians are perfectly free to offer their wares to the world come of age, the religionless world. But they have no head starts, ontological or psychological. This in turn implies no clergy deductions, no tax exemption and no preferential treatment of any kind. Finally, when men say "no" to Christianity, it is a real "no," and not a deeply concealed "yes" masked under a protest against false religion. There are those, Bonhoeffer says, who can make it today without God and without despair and guilt. And their success is just as real as the fulfillment of those who live happily and have a God.

We can begin to see what Bonhoeffer is doing and persuading us to do. He is undermining the traditional Christian confidence in language, argument, debate; in short, our assurance that we can persuade an indifferent world that it really needs God. He is forcing us to shift our center of attention from theology, apologetics, criticism of culture, the problem of communication, and even from hermeneutics, to the shape and quality of our lives. He has enabled us to note, in Protestantism, perhaps he has even brought about, the end of the theological confidence, and the be-

ginning of a time of confusion between theology and ethics. The communication of the Christian in our world is likely to be, at least for a time, essentially ethical and non-verbal. Christians themselves, at work in the world of the 20th century, saying their "yes" to it as vigorously as possible, provide the dynamic evidence for the truth or falsity of their message.

The time when the real vitality of Protestantism was intellectual and centered in the Academy, is at an end.

The Protestant continues to engage his unbelieving brother, but he is likely to be engaging him by working alongside him. What distinguishes this Christian from his non-Christian comrade? If there is any answer to that, it may well be found by meditating on the third, and most elusively powerful of Bonhoeffer's ideas, written nine months before he was hung: "Man is challenged to participate in the sufferings of God at the hands of a godless world." (The letter of July 18, 1944.)

The Secret of Moral Action

IN SOLITARY WITNESS: *The Life and Death of Franz Jägerstätter*. By Gordon C. Zahn. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 277 pp. \$5.95.

Theodore Roszak

If I had ever met Franz Jägerstätter, I doubt that I would have found very much about the man that seemed appealing. I would probably have considered him an overly pious, strait-laced, Catholic peasant, colorless, uncomplicated and naive. What—I would have wondered—could such a seemingly underdeveloped human being—a man whose reading scarcely reached beyond the crudest religious tracts, whose travels never took him more than 50 miles from his home village of St. Radegund—possibly teach me of life and the world.

The answer to that question, I now realize, is that this unspectacular little man possessed the secret of moral action. And possessing that, he was a greater man than I can ever expect to be, and greater than any I am likely to meet. Jägerstätter's quality of ultimate nobility—the capacity to suffer for an ideal though this suffering is solitary, unsung and hopeless—stakes its claim upon me, despite all the differences of mind and value and religious opinion that separate us—as it will upon all who read Professor Zahn's masterly study.

There is really not much to the story of Franz Jägerstätter. His biography is quickly and simply told. Jägerstätter lived out his days (all but the last few months of his life) in the same district of Austria that was the birthplace of Adolf Hitler and Adolf Eichmann. He grew up to marry, have three daughters, and to be-

Theodore Roszak is the editor of *Peace News* in London.

come sexton of his parish church, a position he filled with great conscientiousness. After the Nazis came to power in Germany, Jägerstätter resigned from the local *Bauernbund* (the powerful peasants' organization) when it failed to assert the firmest opposition to the new regime. When the Nazis incorporated Austria into the Reich in April, 1938, and occupied the country, Jägerstätter refused to display the slightest support for his fatherland's new masters. In the plebiscite that ratified the *Anschluss*, Jägerstätter alone in his village cast a *nein* vote—which the village officials refused to record. To the new official salute "Heil Hitler," his habitual retort became "Pfui Hitler!" He contributed not a pfennig to the various Nazi-sponsored patriotic organizations and refused, in turn, to accept any Nazi welfare payments or subsidies.

At some point in 1941, Jägerstätter traveled to Linz to consult the bishop of his diocese on a pressing matter of conscience. He wished to know if it were morally permissible for him to serve as a soldier in the war—a war which he considered wholly unjust. Bishop Fleisser assured him that it was not his responsibility to inquire into the justice of official policy—and strongly advised that he report for duty when summoned. It was not advice that the sexton could accept.

When in 1943 he received induction papers requiring that he report for military service, he traveled to the induction center at Enns where he declared his refusal to serve in Hitler's army. (He was at the time 36 years old.) His objection was not a pacifist rejection of all war, but was based on his conviction that the war was unjust and therefore could not command the support of a believ-

ing Christian. For this refusal he was placed under military arrest in the prison at Linz. Later he was transferred to Berlin, where he was tried for treason. Several secular and religious authorities approached him to offer various forms of alternate service and to try to dissuade him from his absolutist position. He respectfully declined all compromise, and at last, on August 9, 1943, he was beheaded.

From several letters Jägerstätter wrote to his wife and children while in prison and from nine brief religious "commentaries" he produced in 1942, Professor Zahn has scrupulously reconstructed the moral justification this enemy of the state developed to explain his radical dissent. The letters, filled as they are with an incredible tenderness and generosity of spirit, are stirring human documents. But neither they nor the commentaries are very interesting as intellectual products; they do not possess the least analytical or ethical sophistication. And why should they? How much sophistication did it require in Hitler's Germany to grasp the meaning of the times? Jägerstätter recognized deceit, barbarism and bloody murder for what they were. He called them by their names, denounced them, refused to place himself in their service.

This is what his writings come to. Their magnificence is not a matter of their intellect or language, but of their stubborn, simple-minded grasp of the obvious truth which so many others insisted upon ignoring. And it is a magnificence that illuminates even the clichés and platitudes the man wrote. There is no originality of mind in words like these: "The true Christian is to be recognized more in his works and deeds than in his speech. The surest mark of all is found in deeds showing love of neighbor" (a typical line from the prison letters). But the man who wrote this, *meant* it. He shared his meager prison rations with fellow prisoners and went to his death begging his wife and children to bear his executioners no malice. Every word Jägerstätter wrote is a testament of living convictions. As Professor Zahn observes, in referring to Jägerstätter's "simple crudity of thought": "... the exact grammarians, the people who could spell faultlessly, the masters of dazzling syllogistic argument somehow found it possible, in most cases, to come to terms with ... one of history's most inhuman and unjust regimes. This simple, untutored peasant, almost alone, with all his faults of style, was

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able to recognize both the evil of the day and the responsibilities it placed upon him as a believing Christian—and to accept those responsibilities though they led to the grave.”

The simplicity of Franz Jägerstätter's story is the simplicity of a sane mind, of health, of sound reason. There is as much to be said about him as there is to be said about the taste of pure water or the smell of clean air. The *real* story that needs telling—at length and in agonizing detail—is the story of the village, the nation, the world that surrounded this beautifully ordinary man. Here we find the complex rationalizations and twisted arguments, the dirt that needs sifting, the disease that needs analysis. Professor Zahn's careful interviews with Jägerstätter's surviving fellow villagers and with everyone remotely connected with his case lead him to the conclusion that, almost without exception, he is remembered as a zealot, a fanatic, a demented fool.

Professor Zahn himself analyzes Jägerstätter as a classic example of “social deviance” in the final chapter. It is clear enough what he means by the phrase; but one cannot confront this man without realizing that his was the act of normality. *He* is the standard, and all the others who could not recognize Nazism for the horror it was—they are the deviants. It is *they*—and not Jägerstätter—who require examination and explanation. I cannot help feeling that in this final chapter, “The Martyr as Rebel,” Professor Zahn makes too many concessions to a conventional sociological vocabulary and methodology; and at that point, his study becomes a little cold and tedious. Just where one feels the book should become a prophetic declaration, it takes a turn (though an apologetic one) toward “more technical analysis” and sociological jargon.

Not that Professor Zahn is incapable of taking sides or of putting the moral bite on his reader. The entire book clearly stems from the author's conviction that Jägerstätter, the uncelebrated martyr, was one of the saints of the Church. It is this conviction which provides the study with its extraordinary power and finally proves strong enough to transform even that final chapter into a sharp challenge.

In one of his commentaries, Jägerstätter spoke of “the crooked game” so many of his countrymen played during the Hitler years. He wrote:

One often hears it said these days: “It's all right for you to do this or that with an untroubled mind; the responsibility for what happens rests with someone else! And in this way responsibility is passed on from one man to another. No one wants to accept responsibility for anything. Does this mean that when human judgment is finally passed on all the crimes and horrors being committed at this very time that one or two individuals must do penance for them all someday?”

Jägerstätter, of course, was the living “no” to his own question, until it cost him his life. Picking up from Jägerstätter, Professor Zahn is quick to observe that the same crooked game goes on all about us.

It is well to remember . . . that one of the doctrines proclaimed by Hitler which helped to excite the opposition of more enlightened and “liberal” minds was the “total war” which the Nazis proposed as theory and then executed in practice. It was unfortunate that the forces opposed to the “Thousand Year Reich” were led into an acceptance and

application of that theory in the process of destroying Hitler and “all he stood for”—far more significant is the unchallengeable fact that this same doctrine is now taken for granted by virtually all who pride themselves on being “realistic” and “practical” in their approach to the conduct of foreign affairs and diplomacy. In this sense and to this degree, Hitler, and not his enemies, emerged as the ultimate victor in the ideological confrontation that supposedly justified all the horrors of World War II.

And in the face of these brute facts, how many of us, Professor Zahn asks, have chosen the course of Jägerstätter, and how many the course of Eichmann? The question follows logically from the study and is the perfect conclusion: ultimately Professor Zahn does not fail his saint.

This is a rare and important book, a work of humanity and great scholarly conscience. To have read it is a humbling experience. In rescuing Franz Jägerstätter from the obscurity of his solitary witness, Professor Zahn provided us with a measure of our own corruption.

The Anatomy of Indignation

MORAL INDIGNATION AND MIDDLE CLASS PSYCHOLOGY: *A Sociological Study*. By Svend Ranulf. Preface by Harold D. Lasswell. Schocken Books. 204 pp. \$4.50 cloth. \$1.75 paper.

Carey McWilliams

In the late 1940s, I happened to come across a mimeographed copy of Svend Ranulf's sociological study of moral indignation and was deeply impressed with it. At that time I could not understand why it had never been published here. Even then it was clear that the thesis had a special relevance to Americans interested in social issues—for whom, in fact, it should be required reading. Published in affluent America, it has an added relevance.

Ranulf, a sociologist of the University of Aarhus, Denmark, devoted his mature years to the investigation of a single issue, namely, the circumstances which give rise to a disinterested tendency to inflict punishment. An earlier book, *The Jealousy of the Gods* (1933), deals with the sudden emergence of criminal law in 5th-century Athens. The present study was first published in Copenhagen in 1938. Nowadays we take it for granted that legal systems

should include a comprehensive criminal code, but such codes do not exist in some societies, as where, for example, the imposition of sanctions is left in the hands of private individuals and groups. For A to go to the trouble of insisting that B should be punished for something that B has done to C or something that is of no direct interest to A, some “disinterested” motivation must be assumed. To most Americans, who stem from or are still close to the lower middle class, “moral indignation” is taken for granted; it does not occur to them that the sentiment may not be universal or that it may have a special history or that it has generally arisen only in connection with a set of specific circumstances. Yet this is exactly what Ranulf set out to prove. Strictly speaking, his proof fails to sustain the thesis because it can only be established by empirical evidence, and no one person, in a single lifetime, could possibly examine all the pertinent sources. Ranulf himself was well aware of the limitations of his method: “The empirical verification of a scientific hypothesis can never be definitely completed.” But he made a strong enough case for his thesis to put any-

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one on notice who reads it that "moral indignation" is a most imperfect guide to social action.

Ranulf's argument is this: the disinterested tendency to inflict punishment has always been particularly strong in the social class which may be loosely described as the "small bourgeoisie" or "lower middle class." In fact, he argues that the sentiment of "moral indignation" which prompts this tendency is practically nonexistent in societies where the lower middle class is of little significance. I feel that the argument would be more acceptable if he had not used such vague terms as "small bourgeoisie" and "lower middle class," both of which also have special historical connotations. Put it this way: whenever circumstances make it possible for a social class to advance to a higher or what we would loosely call "middle-class" status, the aspiring group will organize itself to take advantage of the opportunity. It will do this by imposing on the individuals within the group an "ethic" appropriate to the task, which is to achieve a higher standard of living. The ethic is not imposed from without except in the sense that the small shopkeeper or woolen weaver knows that if he is to succeed he must not waste his time in amusements nor love affairs nor contract improvident debts. At the same time, however, the "ethic" must be enforced by the group since individuals are always reluctant to impose a severe discipline on themselves. It is a characteristic of the groups that do the enforcing that they assert the right to exercise ethical control over the lives of individuals.

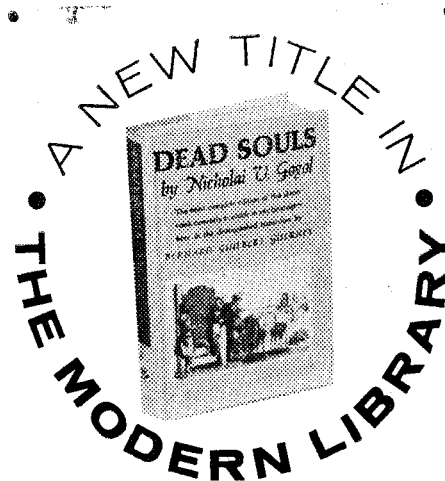
The guidelines of the ethic are familiar: loose sexual morality is denounced, self-indulgence is taboo, thrift is praised, work and hard effort are prime virtues. The mainspring of the ethic is the duty of industry and the danger of relaxing the incentive to work. Idleness is the greatest of evils. The poor are victims, not of circumstances but of their own "idle, irregular and wicked courses"; the truest charity is not to enervate them with relief but to so reform their characters that relief may be unnecessary—"such doctrines turned severity from a sin into a duty, and froze the impulse of natural pity with the assurance that if indulged, it would perpetuate the suffering it ought to allay." The ethic was described, of course, in Max Weber's *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*.

April 19, 1965

But it is not necessarily a Protestant ethic. Jansenism developed much the same ethic and for much the same reasons. "Jansenism," as Ranulf pointed out, "is nothing but Calvinism so disguised as to be tolerated within the Catholic Church." In the first flush of the revolution the Bolsheviks tolerated a laxity of sexual morals, etc., but later a kind of "Puritanism," with a strong work imperative, arose which imposed a severe discipline on the individual. This kind of ethic or discipline is not Protestant or Catholic any more than it is Dutch or Russian. More to the point, it is a "production" or "work" ethic or, if you will, a "lower-middle-class" ethic. It is implicit in Benjamin Franklin's worldly creed, "his insistence that time is money and not to be wasted, his love of detail and exact reckoning." Generally, art, poetry and literature—pure thought, science and philosophy—are regarded as "impractical," not to be encouraged for their own sake.

Such a severe code or ethic is not exactly pleasurable; it makes for resentment and envy; both of which in turn give rise to a sense of outrage or "moral indignation" that other persons, groups, nations or classes should be enjoying themselves in disgusting disregard for the austere verities. The "saints" therefore demand that the "sinners" should be punished. In a way one might say that this demand is not strictly "disinterested" because it is one of the techniques by which an ambitious lower middle class maintains both group morale and individual incentive. "At all times," writes Ranulf, "this [resentment] has remained the strongest support of bourgeois morality." Strict adherence to the ethic will, if the circumstances are right, usually result in individual and group advancement; if you work hard and save your money, you are likely to succeed. But to say that the circumstances must be right is tautological; if they weren't right, the lower middle class would not strive to advance and hence would not need a new ethic.

Oddly enough, as Ranulf notes, "the social strata which rank beneath the small bourgeoisie, are disposed to accept whatever moral standards may be in vogue among their betters"; the lower middle class does not accept these standards because it sees an opportunity to advance through severe self-discipline. On the other hand, a group that is slipping back into lower-middle-class status or feels that it is, will often exhibit the same resentment



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and envy. One does not need to assume that the "shopkeeper class" in Germany was actually threatened by the rise of the working class and cartels; it turned to the Nazis because it *felt* threatened. It is, of course, implicit in Ranulf's argument that "moral indignation" can deceive both individuals and groups as to the nature of their miseries.

The special relevance of Ranulf's theory to American social concerns is obvious: few American families have not passed through the "morally indignant" phase and many more have yet to emerge from it. But today the thesis has a wider relevance. When a group finally emerges from lower-middle-class status, it will gradually abandon the "work" ethic. "The Puritan ideals failed," writes Ranulf, "when they were too heavily loaded by the weight of wealth." No one knew this better than John Calvin who warned of "the carnal confidence that creeps upon the saints in prosperity." A generation ago, studies of the religious affiliations of self-made American millionaires revealed a familiar escalation that coincided with worldly status: from the evangelical cults to the more "respectable" ivy-covered churches and on up to the Protestant Episcopal Church and beyond that, in due time, to a stylish indifference

to formal religious affiliation. The public or outward adherence usually survived much longer than the private conviction. "Even when the men go on living in the old petty bourgeois style," writes Ranulf, "their wives and sons and daughters see to it that luxury and splendor are displayed as elements of everyday life." Similarly, as a society moves from an economics of scarcity to "affluence," which is an aborted abundance, it tends to discard the old ethical guidelines. "Just past the midmark of the 20th century," *Business Week* reported some years ago (May 5-June 18, 1956), "it looks as though all of our business forces are bent on getting everyone to borrow, spend, waste, want"; "a penny saved," another business journal reported, "is just too bad." "Time has swept away," *Newsweek* observed, "the Puritan conception of immorality in debt and godliness in thrift." Saul Bellow, in a talk some years ago, put it this way: "The American today is an enthusiastic consumer of goods. . . . The picture of the United States therefore seems to be — sometimes — that of a pig heaven . . . the revolution of abundance may have brought with it certain possibly unfavorable consequences; it may have left us without a system of values. . . . There are very few value systems based on abundance."

that lyric or generalized note that typifies the other Impressionists, but neither did he ever descend into cozy, back-yard platitudes. Despite his down-to-earth attitudes, therefore, Pissarro's art is especially hard to characterize.

His was an especially long and varied career, as the retrospective at the Wildenstein Gallery (culled only from American and Canadian collections) indicates. Possessing more traditional instincts than his peers, with firmer roots in the soil, he spanned the distance from Corot to Cézanne, with both of whom he had strong affinities. In fact, his overall style simultaneously resembles the former's (with more staggered and spotted accents, and more tousled surfaces) and the latter's (though with easier transitions, looser construction, and more finely woven textures coming forth in a webbing of hooked brush strokes). Even chromatically, Pissarro's art occupies an intermediate position of gradually evolving local hues and colored shadows, which stop short, however, of being lifted off solids. Actually a concern for giving each canvas its proper material weight and consistency is one of the prominent things about him. (Often the structure and atmosphere of his paintings seem to float on top rather than be a part of the denseness which he felt compelled to work up, almost as if to reassure himself that he had something tangible to mold.) Much of this, finally, was implemented by a workmanlike awkwardness, more naïve than heavy handed, yet rarely thoughtless or approximate. It is one of the more subtle spectacles of modern art to see this laborious, faithful temperament acculturating itself successfully to the most gossamer, unstable style of the period. All the celebrated Impressionist mobility of effect is in Pissarro, only slower; and all of its flattening of volumes is there, too, but more substantial. Perhaps it was this level-headedness of Pissarro's, with its allegiance to the past and openness to the future, that made him such an influential, seismic presence, a kind of aesthetic arbiter of the 1870s and 1880s. He befriended Gauguin, was liked by Degas, shaped much of Cézanne, and was himself transformed briefly by Seurat and Signac.

The conventional opinions as to the vintage years of Pissarro may be modified by this representative, if somewhat restricted, exhibition. It has been assumed that 1870 to 1874 (Louviciennes-Pontoise) and 1896 to

ART

Max Kozloff

THE CONSCIENCE OF IMPRESSIONISM

To Sisley, nature was a wistful locale of half tones and laconic nuances, an extremely refined playground that gave special life to small touches of broken color. In Monet, it was not nature so much, or even landscape, but an effulgent outer world, a Cythera of sensations. With Renoir, nature was often eroticized, so that hillocks had the underlying curve of hips, and foliage resembled fabulous hair. But for Pissarro, nature, or rather the country, was simply a member of the family: to be observed close up, affectionately, intimately, in every guise and mood. He had a tenacious fondness for disheveled or ordinary little vistas, whose worthiness of attention as a fragment of his own life went without saying. If he never domesticated the rural scene, it still appears a trifle houseworn and crumpled in his pictures. But—such is his distinction—the tiredness of his mo-

tifs contrasts with the invaluable freshness of his vision.

Unlike his colleagues, this elder statesman of Impressionism (he was born ten years before Monet) never consciously *evoked* moods, nor projected himself into the scene around him. But just the same, one doesn't quite feel that his respect for the Ile de France region led him to an objective statement — whatever that might be—or worse still, a bland neutrality. There is in Pissarro an unexcited acceptance of, and familiarity with, his surroundings — even when they are exceptionally beautiful—that is in some ways more personal than seductiveness. He came at a moment when it was no longer possible to see an oak tree as a romantic personage, nor was he, individually, willing to give in to the latent abstraction and fantasy toward which Impressionism was moving. He very rarely touched

1898 (The Great Boulevards) were his best periods—on the basis of an undeniable felicity and coherence of style. I would add to them a scattering of early works, a great deal of what occurred during the Divisionist phase of 1886-91, and his last paintings, the Louvre views of 1901-03.

From the first, he evinced a highly concrete way of going about things. In the pre-Impressionist "Bords de la Marne en Hiver," 1866, and the large still life from Toledo of 1867 images are built up brusquely with a knife that puts down mashed, glossy, ragged-edged strokes of unfused paint: defining planes, simplifying values, and organizing zones. And though Pissarro was to alter his form fundamentally, to tissues that breathe and colors that vibrate, this zonal consciousness permeated his entire outlook. Only during the zenith of Impressionism, and its dissolution of values into color, did the distinctness of his organization waver, and then, frequently, he was able to save the compositional base, or rather transcribe it into a series of permeable screens of foliage obscuring rooftops.

This theme of organic, fluffy matter contrasting with sharp-edged, sloping roofs, runs through the first fifteen years of Pissarro's art like a signature. Another of his leitmotifs is a clarity of space, in which a bush or a furrow or a sapling is fixed optically and commensurately in position with the whole compound of rusticated flora. In the gemlike "Route de Rouquencourt," 1871, for instance, one knows the precise location of each image because it is either picked up by shadow rims or articulated by a sprinkling of light dabs. Later, certain smudges and blunt marks retain this spatially differentiating function, even as the amount of other information loaded into the fabric rapidly increased. Pissarro's impulse was to attenuate rather than enhance color contrasts, and there is rarely in his work (with the exception of the Divisionist period) any appreciable mid-ground between ochres and opalescent pinks or green grays on the one hand, and heavily saturated yellow greens, sky blues and sharp reds, on the other. Masterpieces of each manner are found in "Rue de Village, Auvers-sur-Oise," 1873, and "Le Chemin Montant, l'Hermitage, Pontoise," 1875.

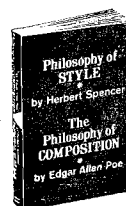
But as the seventies wore on, and the need grew for more polyphonic orchestrations, Pissarro proved to be the ballast of the Impressionist move-

ment. Still, even he demonstrated how intuitive and enchanted a style it was, and how internalized, even when directly confronting the motif. All the pictorial roughage of the works during these years, their surfaces like shredded wheat, still operates to glamorize sensation, and to insinuate a luminous flickering recall of a terrain lying ecstatically in the imagination. Occasionally, though, when Pissarro wished to emulate his comrades, his brush would seem to pick up lint, and the whole image goes annoyingly out of focus. Conversely, in his figure compositions, peasant girls, market scenes, etc., he would shape volumes by overly rhythmic, routine flickings of the brush. In addition, a certain sentimentality, the legacy of Barbizon days, crept in. Degas, perceptive as usual, said that Pissarro's peasant women were like "angels who go to the market," which is exactly what is wrong with them.

By the eighties, the Impressionists were in various states of crisis. The improvisational, apparently amorphous consequences of their approach had deepened into contradictions between a naturalistic rationale which demanded conventionalized and systematic procedures, and a materialist infatuation with inchoate tones and substances for their own sake. Renoir went back to a neo-Classic drawing, tinted in with porcelainlike hues. But Pissarro embraced Seurat's *avant-garde* neo-Impressionism, with its dualistic stylization of paint units, and its emphasis on an increased, if more concentrated, chromatic impact. Although the artist himself balked at an apparent aesthetic failure—and certainly a technical burden—his art flourished, precisely because he was able to arrive at an equilibrium of primary and secondary colors. Instead of looking upon him as a Divisionist *manqué*, one can see Pissarro as a rather full-blooded contributor to the Seurat style. And even some of the expressive weirdness of that style—its desolate, palpitating quiet, and its combination of decorative and primitivistic elements—filters into such a canvas as "Hampton Court Green," 1891, where minute, zombielike figures are almost lost in the incessant punctuation of light.

The remaining high moments of Pissarro's career are filled with visions of a lofty order. The industrial and bridge scenes at Rouen combine atmospheric diffusion, tactile energy and compositional complexity in

happy, generous doses. Smoke, water, city, metal: all are touched in with a confidence that neither strains nor conceals its own powers. And in 1897, with the "Boulevard Montmartre, Mardi Gras," leathery, chewed or pulverized paint gives an equivalent of tumultuous crowds and gay streamers funneling off into hazy space, which is hardly to be believed. The last scenes of a somewhat countrified Tuileries Garden, and rugged Louvre, in their blond-russet harmonies, worked up through a pasty, adhesive *matière*, are, for Pissarro, extremely synthetic and joyous creations. For all his homey way of seeing, their perceptions of the immaterial, by means of the most tangible flutters and crusts of paint, underline his status as the invigorating conscience of Impressionism.



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A STRANGER KNOCKS NOT ON YOUR LIFE

A Stranger Knocks opened simultaneously in three New York theatres: such are the rewards of censorship. Lacking the benefit of having been banned for a period of months, this Danish film of modest achievement would have enjoyed a quiet run in one of the smaller art houses. Now it is the talk of the town.

There is not in fact a great deal to talk about. In the Scandinavian manner, the picture earnestly combines a gloomy view of life with considerable sexual frankness. It wrestles turgidly with the proposition that, to one degree or another, all men are guilty — an observation too sweeping to be arresting, and one that stimulates little more than windy sighs. The different intensities and contexts of guilt are the qualitative factors that make drama, and life, interesting, but *A Stranger Knocks* does not get down to those brass tacks.

A young woman who lives in remote and solitary grief for her husband, a resistance fighter tortured to death several years earlier by the Nazis, offers a stranger shelter from the stormy night. Loneliness has apparently blunted her perceptions, and she does not sense that her guest has

the personality of a salesman of shoddy goods—in this case, himself. On the contrary, she is powerfully attracted to him, allows him to hang about the house and in a day or so becomes his mistress. This is depressing to the audience: it knows from the intruder's frequent asides what a scruffy character he is; and in any case it must regret that a woman of the heroine's alleged emotional refinement does not reject a suitor so given to outbursts of primitive cynicism and childish self-pity.

Finally, at the climax of one of the episodes that so exercised the review board, it is revealed to her that the man is the Quisling assassin of her husband. There follows some maneuvering for the only pistol in the house and she executes the fellow. I believe we are meant to understand that lust and murder are similar passions, that the woman somehow has become an accomplice of her victim, but I understood nothing of the sort: circumstances alter cases, and so do motives.

Stories like this that deal rather trivially with the irony of life are not necessarily false, for a good deal of life does seem to have been written

by a ham dramatist. But in this instance, the performances of Birgitte Federspiel and Preben Lerdorff Rye (both of whom give signs of being capable actors) are so laden with significance and volumes left unspoken as to be allegorical parodies of flesh and blood. Except in a few scenes — notably one expressing the gay tomfoolery of new love—they go about their job with the self-conscious solemnity of children performing for their elders (it is a tone, by the way, that makes the two scenes of intercourse embarrassing; they are so clearly not sex itself but public demonstrations of what it's like). Johan Jacobsen is one of those obtrusive directors; you feel that his technicians are crowded tight around the actors' little island of isolation, and in quiet moments you can almost hear his fingers snapping.

I don't quite know why this little picture became so overwrought; perhaps it was the strain of trying to wrest tragedy from a script that lacked the intellectual strength or psychological subtlety for such pretensions.

Not on Your Life is a grim comedy from Spain. Its earthy, proletarian milieu, its generous proliferation of wittily perceived and precisely drawn character, its fast movement (almost at the clip of a chase) remind one of French and Italian anecdotal realism. The spirit of the film, though, is more leaden. Its people have vitality, but not much *esprit*; they seem dwarfed, almost animalized, by the social apparatus that the French or Italian protagonists of similar entertainments recognize as an enemy to be routed by the effervescence of their individuality.

For this reason as much as for the plot (a sheepish undertaker's assistant falls in love with the state executioner's daughter and allows himself to be persuaded into his father-in-law's profession for the bureaucratic fringe benefits that go with the post), you may be abashed by the sound of your own laughter. But you will laugh, nonetheless; the picture has the compelling humor of a surgical insight into the grotesque scramble for survival, even if it lacks the compassion and fellowship that make that humor palatable.

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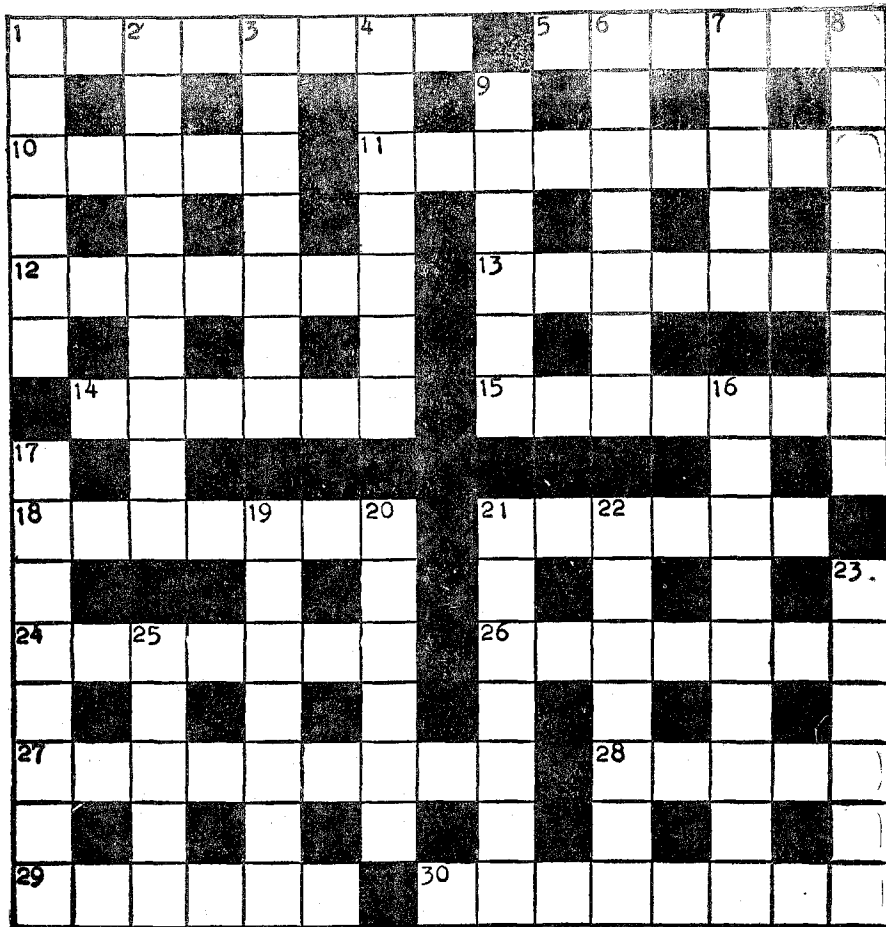
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1102

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 The sort of lines appearing in a person's years imply the preservation of animal food. (8)
- 5 Around the end of 26, 28 may be rather derisive. (6)
- 10 Casts a mild imprecation on what the sewer sometimes does. (5)
- 11 She might be tender, when the service makes you necessarily patient. (4, 5)
- 12 In the art world, does his name suggest that the leaders leave? (3, 4)
- 13 See 25 down
- 14 Are many religious chapters so skilled? (6)
- 15 The diamond type might be as valuable to the owner as one in the ring. (7)
- 18 Was 12 this for life, according to the book? (7)
- 21 It's supposed to bring good luck to have a number at the race course. (6)
- 24 and 16 down What a proxy marriage might have, just implying a full house? (8-4, 4)
- 26 Each arm erroneously carries a good speller, perhaps. (7)
- 27 Mediate, but not necessarily during a sitting. (9)
- 28 The language of Homer. (5)

- 29 Excessively bright, like a fish? (6)
- 30 Spread out with a stratagem, when caught in the act. (8)

DOWN:

- 1 Many adjectives do make part of the salad! (6)
- 2 They're probably not very good in the long run. (9)
- 3 Injuries caused by a wild lioness.
- 4 Make a peg hard, but still made a representation. (7)
- 6 Such poetry should sound like music! (7)
- 7 Man or woman, operatically. (5)
- 8 They might be expelled, but only by bad teachers! (8)
- 9 Common people, perhaps, but forgers in a sense. (6)
- 16 See 24 across
- 17 Like a blinker light on your roof next to the chimney? (8)
- 19 Might they go on top of a red sofa? (7)
- 20 Where their bridge is reputedly shaky? (6)
- 21 Ill met with internal pain inflicted by the weapon? (7)
- 22 Leaps in awkwardly, as an animal.
- 23 To be useful, a bit has to be supported. (6)
- 25 and 13 across Too late to be like one pursuing truth. (5, 3, 4)

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